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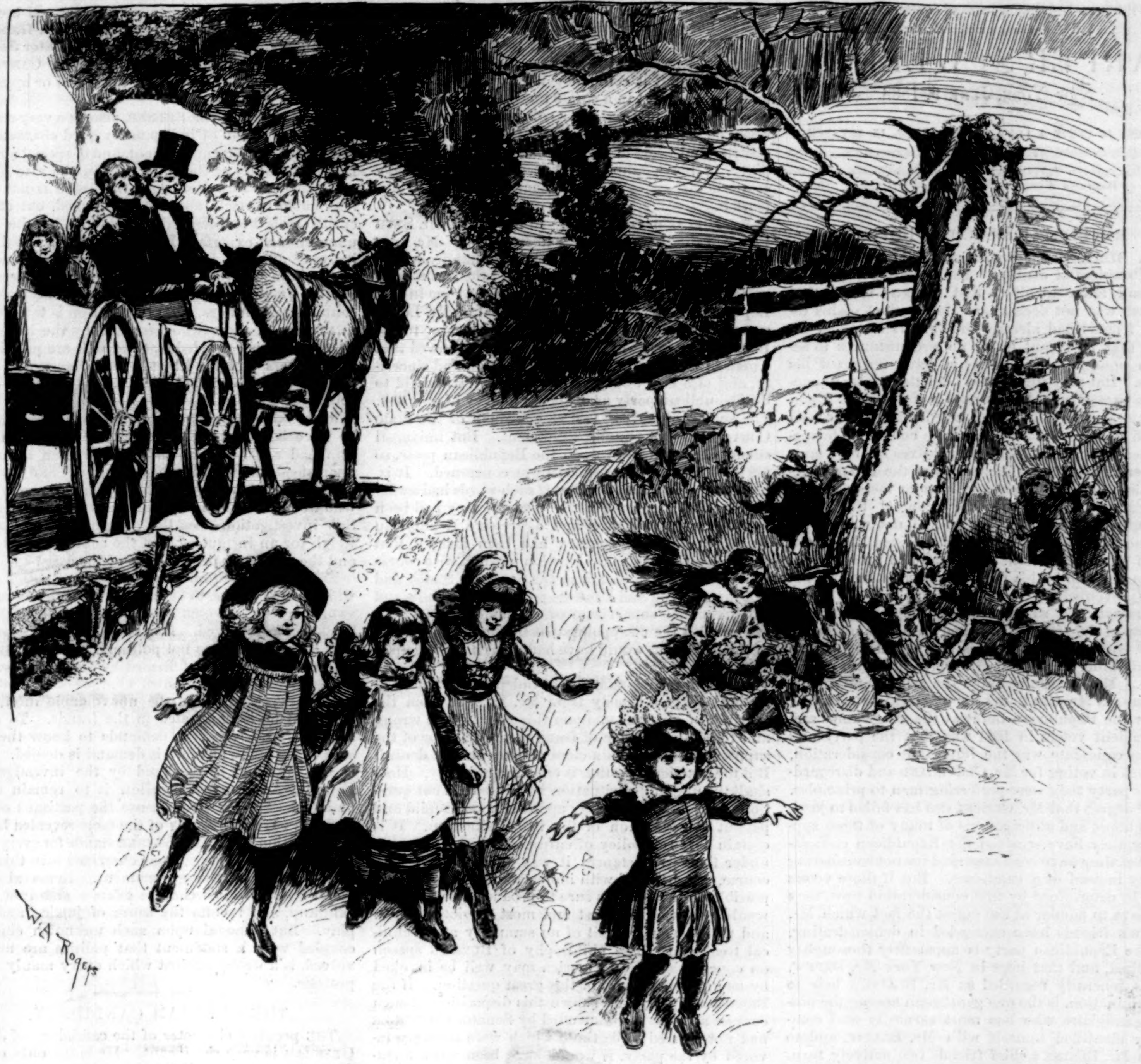

UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL.

By WILL CARLETON.

'TWAS not at all like those you see of ordinary men;
'Twas such as never could occur, excepting now and then;
For Uncle Nate had studied hard upon it, night and day,
And planned it all—while yet alive—in his peculiar way.
"I've managed other men's remains," he said, with quiet tone,
"And now I'll make a first-class try to regulate my own."
And so, a month before his death, he wrote the details down,
For friends to print, when he was dead, and mail throughout the town.

The paper said: "I've figured close, and done the best I knew,
To have a good large funeral, when this short life was through;
I've thought about it night and day, I've brooded o'er the same,
Until it almost seemed a task to wait until it came,
Especially as my good wife has wandered on ahead,
And all the children we possessed have many years been dead;
And now I'll tell you what I want my friends and foes to do—
I'm sorry that I can't be here to push th' arrangement through:

"I do not want to hire a hearse, with crape around it thrown:
I'm social like, and am not used to riding round alone.
Bring my old wagon, into which the children used to climb,
Until I've taken on a drive full twenty at a time:
We've loafed along the country roads for many pleasant hours,
And they have scampered far and near, and picked the freshest flowers:
And I would like to have them come, upon my burial day,
And ride with me, and talk to me, and sing along the way.

"I want my friend the minister—the best of preacher-folks,
With whom I've argued, prayed, and wept, and swapped a thousand jokes—
To *talk* a sermon to the friends, and make it sweet, but strong;
And recollect, I don't believe in speeches over-long.
And tell him, notwithstanding all his eloquence and worth,
'Twon't be the first time I have slept when he was holding forth.
I'd like two texts; and one shall be by Bible covers pressed,
And one from outside, that shall read, 'He did his level best.'

"And any one I've given help—to comfort or to save—
Just bring a flower, or sprig of green, and throw it in the grave.
Please have a pleasant, social time round the subscriber's bier,
And no one but my enemies must shed a single tear.
You simply say, 'Old Uncle Nate, whatever may befall,
Is having probably to-day the best time of us all!
He's shaking hands, two at a time, with several hundred friends,
And giving us who stay behind good gilt-edged recommends!'"

They tried to follow all the rules that Uncle Nate laid down:
When he was dead, they came to him from every house in town.
The children did their best to sing, but could not quite be heard;
The parson had a sermon there, but did not speak a word.
Of course they buried him in flowers, and kissed him as he lay,
For not a soul in all that town but he had helped some way;
But when they tried to mould his mound without the tears' sweet leaven,
There rose loud sobs that Uncle Nate could almost hear in heaven.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
FOR THE
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HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

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MR. BLAINE'S SECOND LETTER.

MR. BLAINE has withdrawn himself from the Presidential contest. The necessity of writing a second letter to effect that purpose shows that the first was not decisive, as the conduct of his especial friends had already shown. If they had believed that he meant under no circumstances to accept a nomination, they would have respected his wishes. But they interpreted his letter to mean practically that if urged he would not decline. Upon this interpretation they have acted until he has been obliged to say conclusively that he could not honorably accept a nomination, and so leaves the field open to other candidates. The tactics of the **Blaine** faction, however, have enabled them to measure their strength, and to see that they control the party. It is agreed that if Mr. **Blaine** had not written his Florence letter he would have received the nomination by acclamation. The prompt retention of him in the field by his friends, notwithstanding that letter, prevented the general assumption of his actual withdrawal, and as this was prolonged during the election of delegates, it resulted in a demonstration of his strong hold upon his party, and has shown that any other candidacy will represent only a second choice. Mr. **Blaine** remains the representative Republican, as Mr. **Clay** was the representative Whig.

Now the Republican taunt at the mugwumps and independent voters in 1884 was that the party and not the candidate was the important consideration, and that in voting for Mr. **Cleveland** and disregarding his party they were preferring men to principles. In the degree that Mr. **Cleveland** has failed to justify the hopes and anticipations of many of those supporters, they have received the Republican consolation that they have been rewarded for not considering a party instead of a candidate. But if those voters are to be determined by that consideration now, they will have to ponder at the outset the fact which Mr. **Blaine**'s friends have succeeded in demonstrating, that the Republican party is apparently thoroughly Blaineized, and that here in New York Mr. **Depew**, who is generally regarded as Mr. **Blaine**'s heir to the nomination, is the one gentleman among the possible candidates who has most earnestly and completely identified himself with Mr. **Blaine**, and to whom Mr. **Blaine**'s chief friends instinctively turn. In 1884, the more plainly it was shown to the mugwumps that Mr. **Blaine** was the spontaneous choice of the party, the more the force of the argument of party vanished, and the easier it was to vote for Mr. **Cleveland**. A party is justly judged by its candidates. It was fairly urged at Chicago in 1884 that the country would decide by the candidate, not by the platform, what it is that the party honors and respects, and what are the party spirit and purpose.

Mr. **Blaine** was defeated, but ever since his defeat the party has been engaged in demonstrating that Mr. **Blaine**'s political character and methods are what it honors and respects, enthusiastically acknowledging him as its great leader, whom it is not denied it would have joyfully renominated. This is the fact with which every independent voter must deal. The Convention of 1884 made an admirable profession of reform, and then nominated Mr. **Blaine** as the reformer. It was a grotesque effort to retain for him the support of honest reformers, who saw the trick only with amusement. How would the party stand as an agency of probable reform if it should reiterate the reform declaration of '84, and then nominate a candidate of Mr. **Blaine**'s selection? The personal objection which was paramount in '84 would undoubtedly disappear. But in what sense could the party be regarded as a distinctively reform party? The Republican party would enter upon this campaign with prospects much more promising if during this administration it had proved its interest in the political progress of reform, which an intelligent and powerful body of voters demand, half as zealously as it has shown its devotion to Mr. **Blaine**.

ONE OF THE SIGNS.

Some of the remarks of Mr. **Miller**, the temporary chairman of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention, were significant and suggestive. But they seem to have attracted little attention, and they have produced no response. This is perhaps because he spoke very plainly and very strongly in favor of an entire change in the Republican policy toward the Southern States. Is it not worth while, he asked, to have not only a truce, but peace? He urged building up the Republican party in the South, and asked whether this could be done by chatter about rebel brigadiers, and by denying the fitness of men for high positions in the government because they took part in the rebellion. He declared that the party had learned by experience that it could never firmly plant the Republican standard in a single Southern State by such a course. But not only our political and social relations, he said, demand a policy of amity, but our industries and trade of every kind. The course of the party, in his judgment, had merely enabled Democratic demagogues to teach Southern voters to distrust it.

Mr. **Miller**'s remarks were in the key of Mr. **Seth Low**'s at the **Lincoln** dinner in Brooklyn. Mr. **Low** was told the next day by a Brooklyn Republican journal that he might take his course, and the Republican party would look out for itself; nor did we see in any Republican journal a word of approval of Mr. **Low**'s speech. Yet it was a speech of peculiar value to the Republican party at this time, because it showed that a man of such unquestionable conviction and sincerity, and of a cool and practical sagacity, still held to the Republican party as the better agency of progress. The speech of Mr. **Miller** as chairman of the State Convention was equally significant. But universal silence seemed to fall upon the Republican press, so far as this part of his remarks was concerned. It is, however, unquestionable that if such words had awakened a hearty response in the party, if they had been felt to express a strong and aggressive Republican sentiment, and the country had been assured that Republican success at the election meant a wise course in regard to the situation in the Southern States, and not the nagging and hopeless policy of force bills and Congressional supervision of elections, this fact, together with the disappointment in the reform course of the President, would have had great influence upon the result.

We do not understand that independent voters in general differ seriously from Mr. **Low** or from the remarks of Mr. **Miller** upon this point. The wrong and the danger either of fraud at the polls or of the suppression of a certain class of votes are not denied. But the practical question is one of expediency. How shall the undoubted situation be treated? That question can be answered only upon the most candid and patient consideration of the whole situation. It is certain that the policy of enfranchisement, although under the circumstances it was plainly the proper course, was attended with immense uncertainties and possible perils. It was sure to produce results which would perplex the wisest and most patriotic minds, and which would admit of no summary and technical treatment. The philosophy of **Burke**'s speech on conciliation with America may well be invoked by us in the treatment of this great question. If the Republican party had shown this disposition, if such courses as those recommended by Senator **Chandler** had not seemed to be those which were strongly favored by the party, it would have been more fortunate for the party prospects. The fact that such men as Mr. **Low** and Mr. **Miller** still retain their party connections suggests, indeed, the existence of a sentiment which may hereafter dominate the party action. But Mr. **Sherman**'s friendly words at Nashville last year were suddenly silenced upon his lips by the want of party sympathy, and those who believe that the Southern question is of very great importance, and who incline to the Republican side, have seen little reason to anticipate a wise Republican solution of the problem.

THE HALE INVESTIGATION.

The course of the Administration in regard to reform in the civil service has alienated so many of its former warm and hopeful supporters that the investigation of the **Hale** committee has naturally excited a great deal of attention. The revelations of the situation at the Post-office in Philadelphia showed a general violation of the principles of reform, and the testimony given by the Appraiser at New York, and by Mr. **Sherer** and others, many of them Democrats, was too important not to compel some expression from the Administration. The Secretary of the Treasury therefore assumed at once the responsibility of the action taken by the Assistant Secretary, and stated, according to the report, that the question of civil service reform, as such reform had been heretofore understood, was not at all involved in the removals. How, then, are we to explain the unchallenged evidence that a list of seven persons to be removed was sent by Mr. **Maynard** to the Appraiser, and that two of them were taken from the list, one upon the fact pointed out to the Assistant Secretary that he was the son of a Democratic politician in Brooklyn, and the other at the request of a Democratic politician in New York? How are we to explain the remarkable restoration of **McElwee**, who was removed by the Appraiser for drunkenness and insubordination, and to compass whose reinstatement the rules were modified? **McElwee** is known to have a strong political "pull." If such things as these were essential to an inquiry into frauds upon the revenue, some kind of explanation should have been made. But if Mr. **Jacobs** and the other clerks were marked at the Department for removal because of connection or supposed connection with frauds of any kind, how could the fact that ex-Senator **Jacobs** was father of one and that Mr. **Timothy Campbell** interceded for the other affect their real or apparent or possible delinquency?

The dismissal of Mr. **Sherer**, also, is a very serious act. He is a man of indisputably good character, of acknowledged accomplishment, and of special ability. His explanation of the difference in the rate of the sugar duty in New York and in Boston is not only reasonable in itself, and not challenged, but its scientific basis has been fully sustained by the most unquestioned experts. His official fidelity and ability were affirmed in the most earnest and unqualified manner by the Appraiser. Yet he has been evidently watched and followed under the suspicion of conniving at frauds. The implication is that he was in the pay of those who benefited by the lower duties. But it is conceded by those who are practically his accusers that his illicit receipts were not more than $2500. Now if he had decided to sell his character, and to be a knave for the advantage of those who would willingly pay him $50,000 a year, would he have been satisfied with $2500? Or even if that sum had satisfied him, and he had been dismissed upon suspicion, would he have instantly and strongly demanded an investigation? Is he not the very man who would have desired to suppress all inquiry? In this investigation does the allegation of **Holohan** weigh for an instant against the acknowledged facts and the necessary probabilities of the case?

The Administration is placed in a situation with which it ought not to be satisfied upon testimony of sworn secrecy, of which he could learn nothing. Mr. **Sherer** was removed. It is alleged by the Secretary that his removal was not political. His ability and efficiency are strongly affirmed by the appraiser. He is dismissed upon unknown charges in connection with frauds. What is the unavoidable inference? It is that he is implicated in the frauds. To avert this fatal conclusion he demands to know the reasons of his removal, and his demand is denied. This is the situation as disclosed by the investigation. Can the Administration allow it to remain unexplained? We are in no sense the partisans of Mr. **Sherer**. We speak only of the facts revealed by the investigation. But Mr. **Sherer** stands for every man in the public service. Their character is in this way at the mercy of the government. Removal upon secret and unknown charges offers a premium upon calumny, and revolts the sense of justice and fair play. But removal upon such unknown charges, coupled with a statement that politics are not involved, is a wrong against which every manly heart protests.

THE GRESHAM CANDIDACY.

The peculiar character of the candidacy of Judge **Gresham** is very significant. He is the only candidate who represents distinctly a protest and a principle. The protest is against the spirit and tendency which were embodied in the candidacy of Mr. **Blaine**, and the principle is that which led to the support of General **Bristow** in 1876 and of Mr. **Edmunds** in 1884, the aim at honester politics. It is an aim which will be always regarded with inexpressible scorn by the great body of machine and professional politics, but which will always influence the action of a very large body of voters. This was the mainspring of the independent Republican movement of 1884, and it is of very much wider influence now than then, and it is this which explains the character of the **Gresham** movement. It has adopted him as its representative, possibly without adequate knowledge of the man and of his actual views and of the probability of his action. But the anti-machine spirit will be always strong in a party like the Republican, and under the usual circumstances of a national nominating Convention it will always select some man to embody it. This is a truth of which Republican managers are very impatient, as Mr. **Conkling** was, but it is something of which they must take account, much as they dislike it. There is a Republican vote which will not be dragooned under any pretext, and instead of swearing at it, the wiser way is to consider how to persuade it.

The candidacy of Judge **Gresham** has been advocated very warmly by the leading Republican journals in the Northwest. In Illinois, whose State Convention practically made him the Illinois candidate, in Minnesota and Wisconsin and in Missouri, there is a very strong Gresham sentiment. This is due to the moderation of his views upon the tariff, and to his total freedom from all suspicion of connection with what is known as rings or machines or corporation interests. Whether or not in the Post-office or in the Treasury Judge Gresham showed any especial interest in reform, his general character as reported, his expressed views, and his conduct upon the bench have greatly commended him to those Republicans who do not share Mr. Blaine's extreme tariff theories, and who doubted the possibility of his election. In 1879, when the name of Judge Gresham was less known than it is now, he made a speech in Chicago, at a reunion of his old army comrades, in which he said much that will not injure him when it is recalled.

The speech contains a clear and admirable presentation of the contending constitutional theories which the war settled, and was followed by remarks not less sound and wise:

> "Having conquered the rebellion, we must now be satisfied with the peaceful sway of the laws. Military government in time of peace is contrary to the spirit of our institutions. We must stand by the purpose for which we fought, and that was the maintenance of the government of our fathers. Citizens of the North and South sustain precisely the same relation to that government, and it cannot lawfully do in one State what it has not an equal right to do in all the States. The war legislated; it established the supremacy of the nation in every power conferred on it by the Constitution, but it did not destroy the States or the right of local self-government. Our Presidential elections, involving as they do the vast patronage of the government, and succeeding each other at short intervals, exciting the passions of men and disturbing the business of the country, already begin to threaten our peace, and resemble revolutions.
>
> "But the principle of being governed by the majority, under proper limitations, is firmly fixed in the American mind, and however frequent and exciting our elections may become, the people are not to be feared so long as their will, as it is expressed at the polls, is respected and obeyed. When they lose faith in the fairness of our elections, and are forced to believe that the ballot-box is controlled against their wishes and interests by the intrigues of unscrupulous men, our fate will be even worse than disunion. Mere tricksters, with no proper notions of social or political duty, aspire to office, expecting, if successful, to get rich in the shortest possible time by plundering the public. It is not surprising that men of this class do not shrink from crimes like bribery, forgery, and perjury in the accomplishment of their ends. To their virtuous minds the best leaders of a party are those politicians who believe that conscience is out of place in politics. If the horrors of anarchy are to be avoided, the elective franchise must be sacredly guarded. Men who care for the honor and safety of the country must not be deterred from waging a determined and unrelenting war against those who attempt by fraud to defeat the popular will. Much that is discreditable to our history might have been avoided by a closer adherence to the wise precepts and virtuous methods of our ancestors; but it is not the part of wisdom to waste our time in vain regrets, and shut our eyes to the existence of palpable evils which must, in the nature of things, prove destructive of our system of government if suffered to remain unchecked. If the abuses which have steadily grown since our adoption of the 'spoils system' are too strongly intrenched to be at once and entirely dislodged, their worst tendencies can and must be resisted. But admitting as we do, with a sense of humiliation, the dangerous prevalence of low opinions and practices in our politics, there is no cause to believe that the popular conscience is hopelessly debauched. To say that we are far advanced in national decrepitude because there have been numerous instances of frauds upon the elective franchise, and of corruptions in office which have gone unpunished, would exhibit a superficial acquaintance with the character of our people and their institutions."

It is one of the most striking illustrations of the present condition of the Republican party that the promulgation of such views by Judge Gresham, and the approval of them by independent voters, seriously imperil his chance of receiving the Republican nomination.

THE TREATY IN OPEN SESSION.

The Senate by a party vote, Republicans against Democrats, decided to consider the Fisheries Treaty in open session. Even Senators who have warmly opposed the general proposition supported this particular application of it, and equally of course for an obvious reason. The debate will afford an admirable opportunity to "show up" the Administration just as the Conventions are about to assemble, and the opportunity will be improved. There is no very great or general interest in the subject itself, but it gives a capital chance for partisan harangues against the Administration, because a tone of taunt and defiance toward our ancient foe, and an arraignment of the Administration for a cowardly subservience to British assumption, are very likely to touch popular feeling.

This, of course, is not fair play toward any treaty. It merely raises a false issue, and tries to extort a decision from prejudice and ignorance. A treaty in settlement of an old and harassing difference between two states is necessarily a compromise. It does not aim to give victory to a side, but, on the contrary, it disclaims expressly any such purpose. It is a business arrangement to adjust in a friendly way what otherwise will produce ill feeling, and may lead to war. But the discussion is undertaken not for fair play, nor to determine the utmost that could be expected from a settlement by concession. The real object is a partisan advantage, and the orators seek less to satisfy reason and common-sense than to stimulate party spirit.

The treaty was negotiated upon our part by gentlemen who cannot be suspected of undue inclination to English influence, or of any want of American character and feeling. Neither is there any question of their ample fitness and knowledge for the task to which they were summoned. They were eminently fair, able, and honorable Americans, and their work must not be judged by wholesale allegations against a "British" Administration. Whatever fault may be justly found with President Cleveland, a disposition to submit to national wrong from any government cannot be charged against him; while the letters of Secretary Bayard show, as the letters of an American Secretary of State should show, the desire of peace with honor.

DECORATION DAY.

Decoration Day has become one of the most delightful and interesting of our holidays, and it was never more generally observed than this year. The old apprehension that it would serve only to foster old hostilities, and to prolong a situation which it was desirable to end as soon as possible, has proved to be unfounded. There are few discourses delivered on the day which do not breathe a kindly spirit, and while nothing of the immense significance of the war is concealed, the truth most emphasized is that the victory was a common and not a sectional triumph.

Thus far it has been impossible to turn the day to any political or personal advantage. The occasion is so essentially patriotic, the commemoration of the dead is in itself so harmonizing a service, and we may add the American is so truly magnanimous, that a perversion of the observance would be difficult. Moreover, the soldiers bear no malice. They have seen the tenacious and terrible courage of both sides, the devotion alike of the blue and the gray, and they would drop a memorial flower upon the heroic grave of either.

The generation which recalls the war as the absorbing issue of the time can hardly understand that to the other generation which this year casts it first vote for President the civil war is a name only, like the Revolution, or the war of 1812. Happily it does not associate with the pomp and splendor of the military parade of honor the march of soldiers to the front, the bitter partings, the heart-break, the desolation of homes, the awful uncertainty of the future. To the younger generation Decoration Day is a glittering spectacle; to the older it is a memory blended of the deepest and strongest emotions of the human heart; to both it is the most interesting and touching of holidays.

MR. BEECHER'S SUCCESSOR.

It was not easy to select a successor to Mr. Beecher, but Plymouth Church has doubtless made the wisest choice. The remarkable growth and prosperity of the church were due mainly to Mr. Beecher, and when he died it was obvious that no successor could restore the glamour which sprang from his personality. It would have been, it seems to us, a doubtful experiment to replace Mr. Beecher by an Englishman. He was not only a Congregationalist and an orator, but he was also especially an American, and the lack of that quality must have been always apparent in any foreign-born successor.

Mr. Beecher's popularity was due largely to his Americanism. From the antislavery days he preached politics; that is to say, he brought the moral law and the gospel to bear upon public questions and national conduct. Many of his sermons were political speeches, not, of course, in any low or partisan sense, but in the higher, patriotic view which constrains a man of Beecher's temperament and power to give the strongest practical improvement to the Christian doctrine. His successor, whoever he might be, should be in instinctive accord with the kind of Americanism which distinguished him, or his congregation would miss an essential quality.

In Mr. Abbott they have selected a friend of Mr. Beecher's in full religious and humane sympathy with him, and who, it seems to us, must be an exceedingly satisfactory successor. This is attested, indeed, by the fact of the very large vote, given after Mr. Abbott's actual service. It was impossible that there should not be some opposition. The gratifying point is that there should have been such general unanimity, and nothing could be more manly or more modest than Mr. Abbott's remarks to the congregation after his election.

THE LATE E. B. ELLIOTT.

Mr. E. B. Elliott, the Government Actuary, who died suddenly in Washington the other day, had been long in the public service, and was in his important department an invaluable officer. He had a remarkable faculty for statistics and figures of every kind. His calculations, which were most useful, and indeed indispensable to the government, had for him all the charm of a fine art. He was never weary of his labor, which had the semblance of play.

In the enormous refunding operations at the Treasury Mr. Elliott necessarily knew the proposed financial action, and the opportunity of acquiring immense pecuniary profit by the illicit use of his knowledge was open to him. But he was as perfectly honorable as he was simple-hearted. Unmarried, and leading a secluded, studious, and busy life, he was one of the most candid of men, not without innocent personal eccentricities, and of the most kindly disposition. He was the member for the Treasury Department of the first Civil Service Commission which General Grant summoned to Washington, and his knowledge of the service and mastery of details was exceedingly useful in its deliberations. His mental tendency in treating the subject was toward a speculative or abstract exactness and symmetry, which, in a practical scheme of the kind, and at the time, was of course impossible. But in all differences and controversies his even temper never failed. His generous heart knew no jealousy. Death found him at his beloved tasks, and of no man were Gray's lines more distinctively true, that to the end

> "Along the cool sequestered vale of life
> He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

With Mr. Elliott the last of the three official members of the Civil Service Commission is gone. Mr. Blackfan, of the Post-office, and Mr. Cox, of the Interior Department, were his colleagues. Mr. Cox was a protégé of Secretary Delano. Mr. Blackfan was an accomplished public officer and an admirable man, whose suggestions were always sagacious and serviceable. They are all names to be kindly remembered.

A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

Cornell University is about to establish a department of journalism, under the direction of an expert, Mr. Brainard G. Smith. There has been a great deal of fun poked at "the profession of journalism," and the general criticism upon all projects like that at Cornell has been that experience is the only school of the journalist. Now actual experience is precisely what a properly endowed Chair of Journalism can offer. That is to say, a paper can be published at the university, upon which the work shall be done by the students as it would be done in a newspaper office in New York.

All the detailed work of reporting incidents and discriminating news can be done under the supervision of an intelligent and experienced manager, and the selection and treatment of subjects for editorial comment can be prosecuted under the same care. There will be this advantage, that the raw reporter and editor can avail themselves of the experience of the director, who will show them the standards of news, the methods by which it should be obtained, the manner in which it should be "written up." A wise director would be of the utmost service to the young editor by showing him how to be clear and simple and concise.

Of course neither the director at the university nor the city newspaper office can do more. He cannot impart sagacity, comprehension, or humor, nor can he develop common-sense where it does not exist. But we do not see why a reporter cannot be trained in Ithaca as well as elsewhere, nor why the editorial aptitude and ability of a young man cannot be tested in the same place. In that way and in that sense a journalist could be taught like a physician or an engineer. But his tact, his intrinsic ability, in both cases, can be proved only by actual experience.

PERSONAL.

The oldest artillery company in the world, "The Honourables," of London, whose colonel is the Prince of Wales, has sent a delegation to take part in the festivities of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. The visitors, whose organization dates back to 1537, will visit many American points of interest before they go home.

—Mr. Mackay, the bonanza king, is said to have a dinner service that cost $195,000.

—Robert Garrett's tour of the world is bringing the railway millionaire back to good health. His party is in France now, and it will be late in the fall before it comes home.

—The latest claimant to the honor of being the youngest soldier who enlisted during the war of the rebellion is the Rev. Albert C. White, of Amesbury, Massachusetts. He was only nine years and twenty-nine days old when he was mustered in as drummer of Company D, Sixty-fourth Ohio Volunteers. His father, a lieutenant in the same company, used often to go the rounds with him to beat the "taps" at night, to keep the lad from falling to sleep.

—The American Peace Society, of which the Hon. Edward S. Tobey has been re-elected president, has a fund of $77,800, and its membership is increasing.

—The three little Princesses of Wales are to appear as Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo in the *Mikado* trio at a fête which royalty is organizing in London for charitable purposes.

—Mr. I. N. McMullen, of Cleveland, Ohio, has captured a real aerolite. He was enjoying an evening smoke upon the piazza of his home when a blazing object came hurtling through the air, and lodged in the earth only a few feet away. He found two feet below the surface of the ground a sphere that had the appearance of copper. It was hot, and pierced with holes like a sponge. Adelbert College professors are making an analysis of it.

—Chicago, following New York's example, has elected a woman—Mrs. T. B. Carse—to the municipal Board of Education.

—The will of the late Vice-President Wheeler has just been admitted to probate, the legatees, the American Board of Foreign Missions and the American Bible Society, having finally induced contestants to withdraw their claims. The estate is worth about $80,000.

—When King Oscar of Sweden called upon the Pope, a little while ago, he ignored the hand outstretched for the usual kiss, and instead kissed the pontiff soundly on both cheeks. It is related that some of the courtiers present almost fainted at this slaughter of Vatican traditions.

—Fred Douglass has a fortune of $300,000, and there are said to be a hundred colored men in Washington worth over $25,000 each.

—Not all the great fortunes of America are in the metropolis. Oliver Beirne, the Louisiana planter who lately died, left an estate worth $48,000,000.

—Americans who have lately seen Mr. Spurgeon, the great preacher of London, say his health is badly broken, and that only a long and thorough rest can make him himself again.

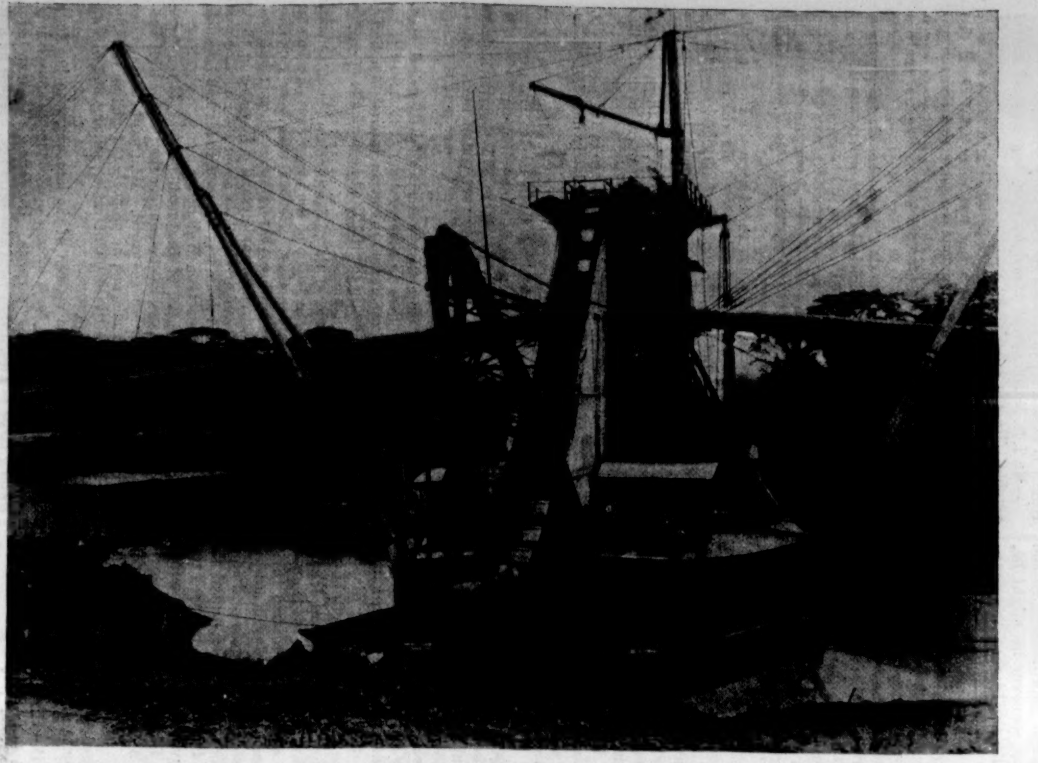
—Whittier's quaint old town of Amesbury is to unveil a statue on the Fourth of July to Josiah Bartlett, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the Quaker poet is writing a poem fitted to the celebration.

—It is related that more than a score of "theatrical managers" made tempting offers to Slugger John L. Sullivan to go upon the stage. He chose instead to buy an interest in a circus, in which he will "exhibit" in the ring, and keep all the employés in a state of perpetual quaking.

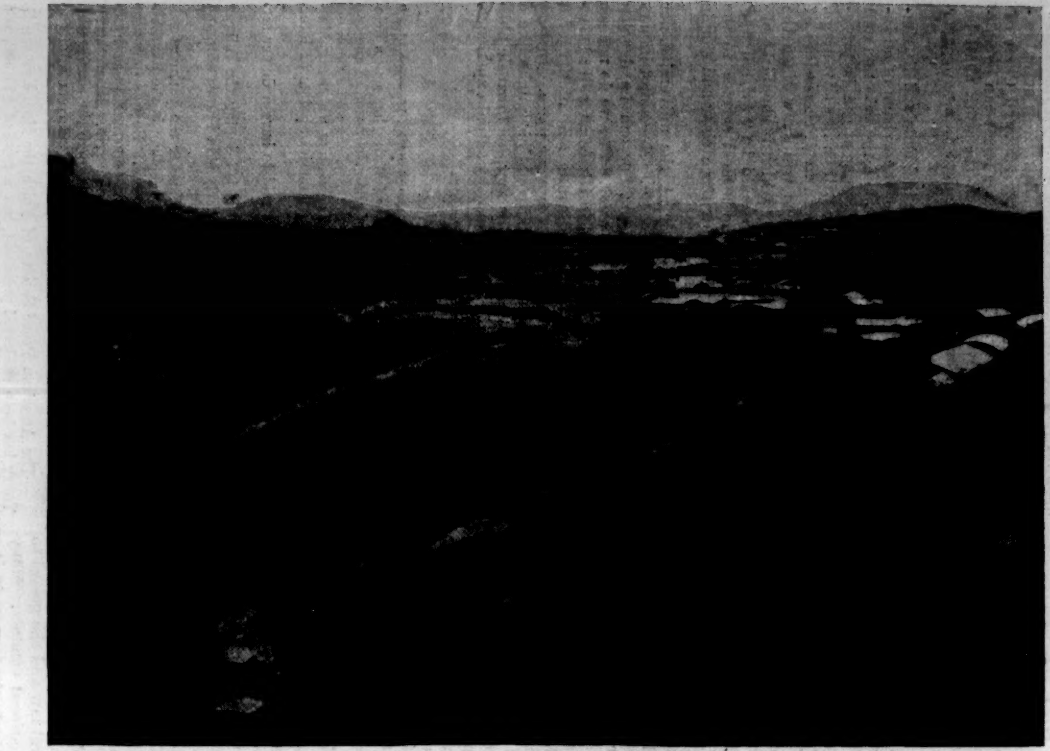
—John Guy Vassar, one of the philanthropists identified with the fame of Vassar College, is one of the happy mortals who survive their own obituary notices. He has been very sick for months, and news of his death got several times abroad; but suddenly he has recovered strength rapidly, and is now able to enjoy a daily ride along the river drives close about his Poughkeepsie home. It is said that while he was confined to his bed he made $150,000 by new investments in Wall Street.

—William Chamberlain, of Brownsville, Texas, bitten by a mad wolf three months ago, has been under the treatment of Pasteur in Paris, and returns home cured. Mr. Chamberlain is one of Texas's richest stockmen, and he proposes to found an institute at San Antonio for the treatment of rabies, putting one of Pasteur's disciples in charge.

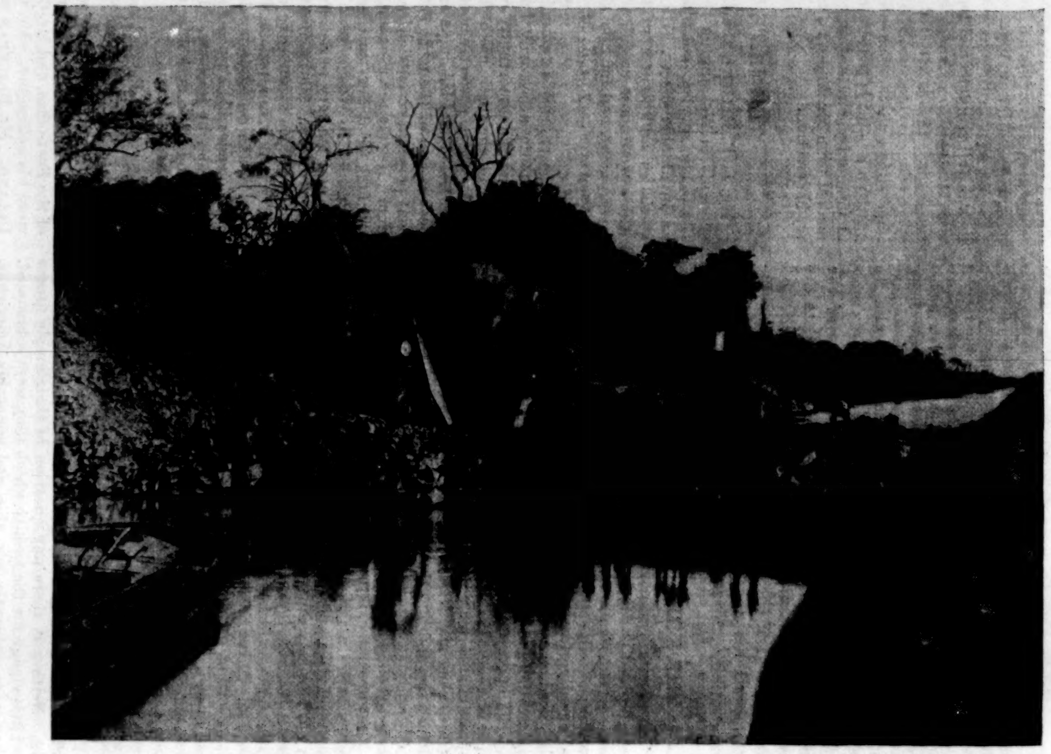
—Emil Kreitmeyer, a veteran of the late war, who has been supporting himself as a farm laborer at Economy, Pennsylvania, has just received a happy surprise. His father, a German baron owning large estates, disinherited him years ago, because he married a gamekeeper's pretty daughter, and the young bridegroom came to America to seek his fortune. But fate dealt harshly with him, and after hardships in the war, he found difficulty in making a livelihood. Wife and children died. But now, long delayed, comes the news that his father had still love for him—the old baron's dying leaving him the possessor of titles and of rich estates.



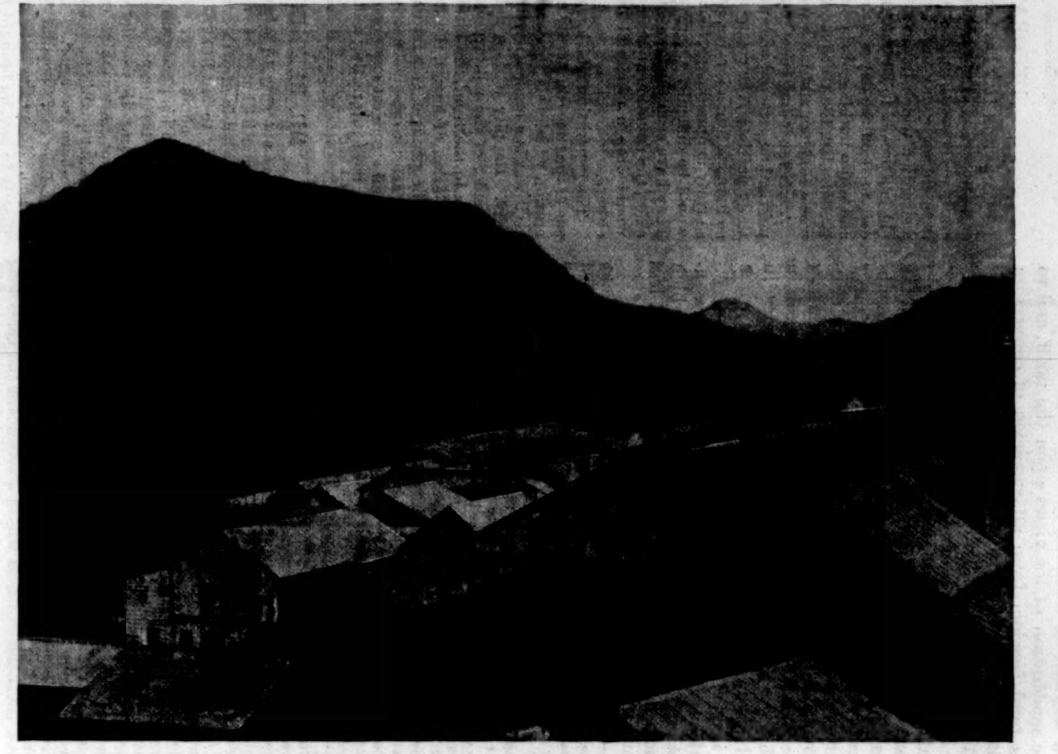
THE "CITY OF PARIS" DREDGING MACHINE.



FROM THE HIGH POINT AT BAS OBISPO, SHOWING THE LINE OF THE CANAL PARTIALLY EXCAVATED.

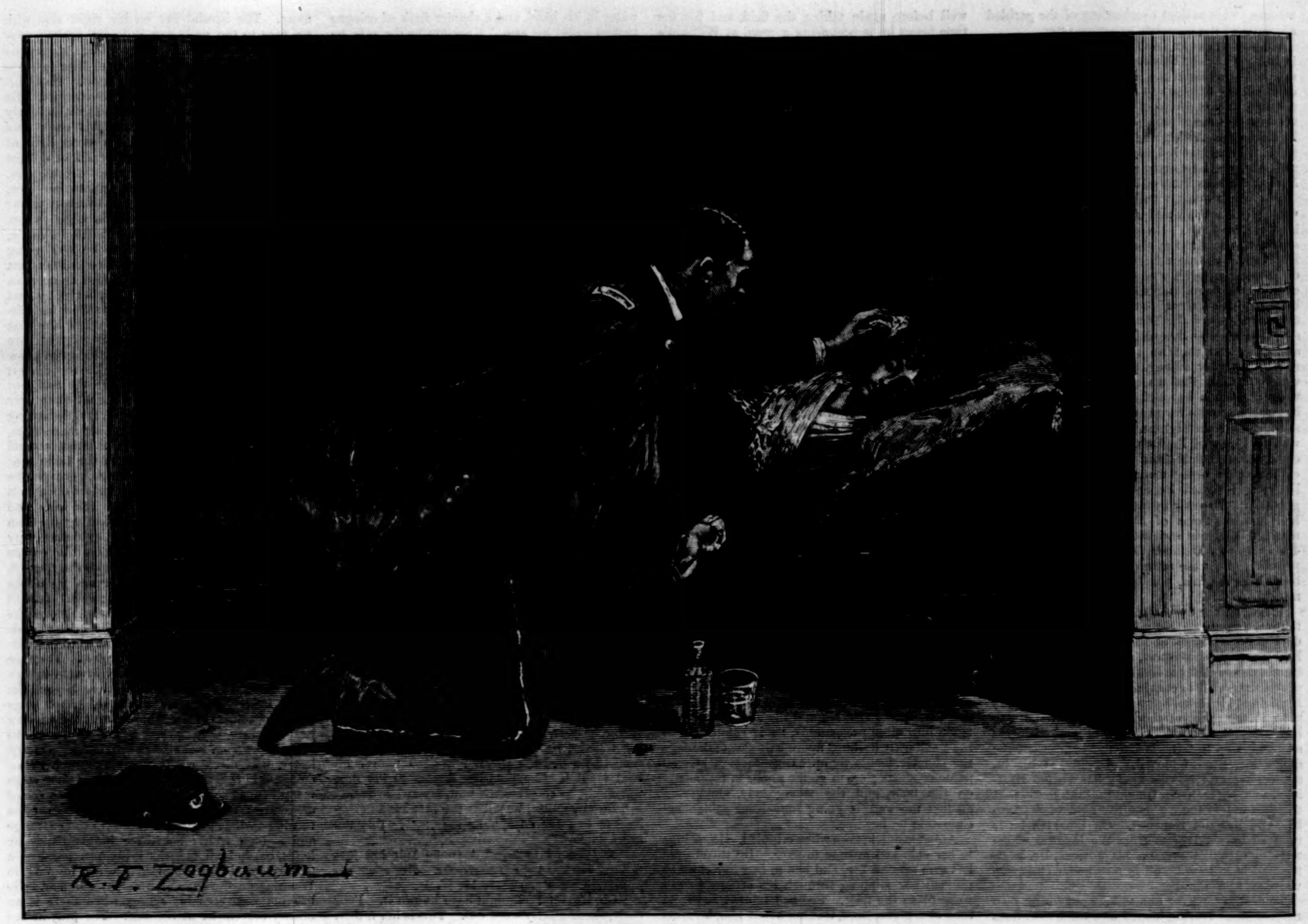


THE LAST DRIVE OF THE DREDGING MACHINE AT THE MINDI CUT.



THE CULEBRA CUT.

THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE PANAMA CANAL.—From Photographs.—[See Page 410.]



"THEN BATHES, WITH COLOGNE, THE WHITE TEMPLES AND SOFT, RIPPLING, SUNNY HAIR."

A WAR-TIME WOOING.*

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO days after the excitement in Frederick consequent upon the escape of the supposed spy, Colonel Putnam was chatting with the provost marshal and the landlord of the tavern where Dr. Warren had paid his brief visit. They were discussing a piece of news that had come in during the morning. From the very first the proprietor of the old tavern had scoffed at the theory of there being anything of a Southern spy about the mysterious stranger. He was a Southern man himself, and, though hardly an enemy to the Union, he had that personal sympathy for a host of neighbors and friends which gave him something of a leaning that way. He did not believe, he openly said, that anything on earth could whip the South so long as they kept on their own soil; but things looked black for their cause when they crossed the Potomac. Maryland had not risen in tumultuous welcome as Lee hopefully expected. The worn, ragged, half-starved soldiers that had marched up the valley in mid-September had little of the heroic in their appearance, despite the fame of their exploits; and in their hunger and thirst they had made way, soldier fashion, with provender for which they could not pay. The host himself had suffered not a little from their forays, and while his sentiments were broadly Southern, his business instincts were emphatically on the side of the greenbacks of the North. He had found the Union officers men of means, if not of such picturesquely martial attributes as their Southern opponents; and while he would not deny his friendship for many a gallant fellow in the rebel gray, neither would he rebuff the bluecoat whose palm was tinged with green. He liked the provost marshal, because that functionary had twice rescued his bar from demolition at the hands of a gang of stragglers. He admired Colonel Putnam as a soldier and a gentleman. But he was enjoying a triumph over both of them; he had news to tell which seemed to sustain his theory and defeat theirs as to the identity of the man who left his beard behind him.

"I am told you knew this Dr. Warren, colonel," he was saying, "and up to this time I had not spoken of him for reasons which—well, because he had reasons for asking me to make no mention of his being here. Now if he was a Dr. Warren from the North, and a loyal man, what would he be doing with a spy?"

"I did not know he saw him at all," said Colonel Putnam, quickly.

"Nor do I; but I do believe that he was here purposely to meet him; that he, the man you tried to arrest, was here at this house to meet your friend who followed you out to camp. If Dr. Warren is a loyal man, as you doubtless believe him, he would have no call to be here to get papers from a man who could only meet him in disguise. I'm told the doctor made himself all clear to you as to whom he was."

Colonel Putnam's face is a study. He is unquestionably turning pale, and his eyes are filled with a strange, introspective, puzzled look. He is startled too.

"Do you mean to tell me he *did* have communication with the doctor?" he asks.

"My wife is ready to swear to it," replies mine host. "Her story is simply this: she had come down-stairs just as the doctor returned. She had been sitting with the young lady, who was very nervous and ill at ease while he was away, and had gone into the kitchen at the back of the house to get her a cup of tea. She was startled by a rap at the door, and in walks a man wrapped up in a big military cape. He wore spectacles and a full black beard, and he took off his hat, and spoke like a gentleman. He said he desired to see either Dr. Warren or the young lady at once on business of the utmost importance, and asked her if she would conduct him up by a rear stairway. My wife told him to go around to the office, but he replied that he expected that, and hastened to tell her that it was because there were Union officers in the hallway that he could not go there. There were personal reasons why he must not be seen; and she said to him that a man who looked like an officer and spoke like a gentleman ought not to be afraid to go among his fellows; and he said he was not an officer, and then asked her, suddenly, if she was a friend to the North or the South; and before she could answer they both saw lights dancing about out there in the yard, and he was startled, and said 'twas for him they were searching, and begged her, as she was a woman, not to betray him. He was the young lady's lover, he said in explanation, and had risked much to meet her. And my wife's heart was touched at that, and she showed him a place to hide; and when she went up she heard the young lady sobbing and the old man trying hard to comfort her; and she knocked, but they begged to be left undisturbed until they called; and she went down and told the man; and he was fearfully nervous and worried, she said, especially when told about the crying going on; and he wrote a few lines on a scrap of paper, gave it to her with a little packet, and she took them up to the doctor; and they were just coming out of their room at the moment, and the doctor put the papers in his pocket, and said to her and to me that he begged us to make no mention of his daughter's being there to any one—there were reasons. And her face was hidden in her veil, and he seemed all broken down with anxiety or illness, and said they must have a carriage or something to take them at once to the railway. They probably went back to Baltimore that night, but the doctor took the packet in his pocket; and the man whom you saw come up from under the back piazza, colonel, was the man who sent it him."

The provost marshal is deeply interested. Colonel Putnam sits, in a maze of perplexity, silent and astounded.

"The doctor was well known to you, was he not, Putnam?" asked the marshal.

The colonel starts, embarrassed and troubled.

"No. I never saw him before."

"He brought letters to you, didn't he?"

"No letters. In fact, it wasn't me whom he came to see at all."

"Whom did he want, then?"

"Mr. Abbot," answers the colonel, briefly, and with growing embarrassment.

"Oh! Abbot knew him, did he?"

"No, he didn't. That is the singular part of it. The more I recall the interview the more I'm upset."

"Why so?"

"Because he said he had come to see an old friend of his son's whom he mourned as killed at Seven Pines. He named Abbot, and said he had been in correspondence with him for a year. As luck would have it, Abbot was sitting right there beside me, and I said at once, 'Here's your man,' or something like it; and then Abbot didn't know him at all; declared he had never written a line to him; never heard of him. The old gentleman was completely floored. He vowed that for a whole year he had been receiving letters from Lieutenant Paul Revere Abbot, and now had come to see him, because he was reported severely wounded."

"Did he show you any of the letters?"

"Why, no! He said there were none with him. He— I declare I do not know what excuse he *did* give," says the colonel, in dire distress of mind.

The provost marshal's eyes are glittering, and his face is set and eager. He thinks intently one moment, and then turns on the silent colonel and their perplexed landlord.

"Keep this thing perfectly quiet, gentlemen. I may have to look further into it; but at this moment, colonel, circumstances point significantly at your friend the doctor. Do you see nothing suspicious in his conduct? His confident claim of a year's correspondence with an officer of your regiment was possibly to gain your friendship and protection. As ill luck for him and good luck for us would have it, he named the wrong man. Abbot was there, and could deny it on the spot. The old man was floored, of course; but his only way of carrying the thing through was to play the martyr, and tell the story that for a year somebody had been writing to him daily or weekly over the name of Abbot. What a very improbable yarn, Putnam! Just think for yourself. What man would be apt to do that sort of thing? What object could he have? Why, the doctor himself well realized what a transparent fiction it must appear, and away he slips by the night train the moment he gets back. And now our friend the landlord throws further light upon the matter. He was here to meet that night visitor, perhaps convey valuable information to him, but was frightened by the blunder he had made, and got away as speedily as possible, and without seeing the owner of the beard, although a packet of papers was duly handed to him from that mysterious party. Dr. Warren may turn out a candidate for the fortress of that name in your own harbor, colonel."

And, thinking it all over, Putnam cannot make up his mind what to say. There is something in his impression of the doctor that utterly sets at naught any belief that he was acting a part. He was so simple, so direct, so genuine in his manner and in his distress. On the other hand, analyzing the situation, the colonel is compelled to realize that to any one but himself the doctor's story would appear unworthy of credence. He is in this uncomfortable frame of mind when a staff-officer comes to see him with some papers from the quartermaster-general that call for an immediate investigation of the affairs of the missing Lieutenant Hollins, and for two or three days Colonel Putnam is away at the supply depot on the railway. It is there that he learns the pleasant news that his gallant young comrade has been promoted to a most desirable staff position, and ordered to report for duty in Washington as soon as able to travel. He writes a line of congratulation to Abbot, and begs him to be sure and send word when he will come through, so that they may meet, and then returns to his patient overhauling of the garbled accounts of the quondam quartermaster.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1639.

No answer comes from Abbot, and the colonel is so busy that he thinks little of it. The investigation is giving him a world of insight into the crookedness of the late administration, and has put him in possession of facts and given rise to theories that are of unusual interest, and so, when he hears that Abbot was able to leave the hospital and ride slowly in to the railway and so on to Baltimore, he merely regrets not having seen him, and thinks little of it.

But the provost marshal has been busily at work; has interviewed Abbot and cross-examined the landlady. He has found an officer who says that the night of the escapade at Frederick his horse was taken from in front of the house of some friends he was visiting in the southern edge of the town, and was found next morning by the pickets clear down at the bridge where the canal crosses the Monocacy; and the pickets said he looked as though he had been ridden hard and fast, and that no trace of rider could be found. Inquiry among patrols and guards develops the fact that a man riding such a horse, wearing such a hat and cape as was described, but with a smooth face and spectacles, had passed south during the night, and claimed to be on his way to Point of Rocks with despatches for the commanding officer from General Franklin. He exhibited an order made out for Captain Hollister, and signed by Seth Williams, adjutant-general of the army in the field. No such officer had reached Point of Rocks, and the provost marshal becomes satisfied that on or about the 4th or 5th of October this very party who was prowling about the town of Frederick has gotten back into Virginia, possibly with valuable information.

When, on the evening of the 10th, there comes the startling news that "Jeb" Stuart, with all his daring gray raiders at his back, has leaped the Potomac at Williamsport, and is galloping up the Cumberland Valley around McClellan's right, the provost marshal is convinced that the bold dash is all due to information picked up under his very nose in the valley of the Monocacy. If he ever had the faintest doubt of the justice of his suspicions as to "Dr Warren's" complicity, the doubt has been removed. Already, at his instance, a secret service agent has visited Hastings, and wires back the important news that the doctor left there about the 25th of September, and has not returned. On the 11th he is rejoiced by a telegram from Washington which tells him that, acting on his advices, Dr. Warren had been found, and is now under close surveillance at Willard's.

Then it is time for him to look out for his own movements. Having leaped into the Union lines with all his native grace and audacity, the cavalier Stuart reposes a few days at Chambersburg, placidly surveying the neighborhood and inviting attack. Then he rides eastward over the South Mountain, and the next heard of him he is coming down the Monocacy. McClellan's army is encamped about Sharpsburg and Harper's Ferry. He has but few cavalry, and at this stage of the war none that can compete successfully with Stuart. Not knowing just what to do against so active and calmly audacious an opponent, the Union general is possibly too glad to get rid of him to attempt any check. To the vast indignation and disappointment of many young and ardent soldiers in our lines, he is apparently riding homeward unmolested, picking up such supplies as he desires, paroling such prisoners as he does not want to burden himself with, and exchanging laughing greetings with old friends he meets everywhere along the Monocacy. At Point of Rocks, whither our provost marshal and Colonel Putnam are driven for shelter, together with numerous squads of convalescents and some dozen stragglers, there is arming for defence, and every intention of giving Jeb a sharp fight should he attempt to pick up supplies or stragglers from its sturdy garrison. Every hour there is exciting news of his coming, and with their glasses the officers can see clouds of dust rising high in air far up the valley. Putnam has urgent reason for wanting to rejoin his regiment at once. What with the information he has received from the two or three officers whom he has questioned, and the papers themselves, he has immediate need of seeing the ex-quartermaster-sergeant, Rix. But he cannot go when there is a chance for a fight right here. Stuart may dash in westward, and have just one lively tussle with them to cover the crossing of his valuable plunder and prisoners below. Of course they have not men enough to think of confronting him. Just in the midst of all the excitement there comes an orderly with despatches and letters from up the river, and one of them is for Putnam, from the major commanding the regiment. It is brief enough, but exasperating. "I greatly regret to have to report to you, in answer to your directions with regard to Rix, that they came too late. In some utterly unaccountable way, though we fear through collusion on part of a member or members of the guard, Rix made his escape two nights ago, and is now at large."

CHAPTER V.

To say that Paul Abbot was made very happy over his most unexpected promotion would be putting it mildly. He hates to leave the old regiment, but he has done hard fighting, borne several hard knocks, is still weak and shaky from recent wounds; and to be summoned to Washington, there to meet his proud father, and to receive his appointment as assistant adjutant-general from the hands of the most distinguished Representative "in Congress assembled" of his distinguished State, is something to put new life into a young soldier's heart. Duties for him there are none at the moment: he is to get strong and well before again taking the field, and for the time being he is occupying a room at Williard's adjoining that of his father. His arm is still in a sling; his walk is still slow and somewhat painful; he has ordered his new uniform, and meantime has procured the staff shoulder-straps and buttons, and put them on his sack coat; he has had many letters to write, and much pleasant congratulation and compliment to acknowledge; and so the three or four days succeeding his arrival pass rapidly by. One afternoon he returns from a drive with his father; they have been out to visit friends in camp, and talk over home news, and now he comes somewhat slowly up the stairs of the crowded hotel to the quiet of the upper corridors. He smiles to himself at the increasing ease with which he mounts the brass-bound steps, and is thankful for the health and elasticity returning to him. He has just had the obnoxious beard removed too; and freshly shaved, except where his blond mustache shades the short upper lip, with returning color and very bright, clear eyes, the young major of staff is a most presentable-looking youth as he stops a moment to rest at the top of the third flight. His undress uniform is decidedly becoming, and all the more interesting because of the sling that carries his wounded arm. And now, after a moment's breathing-spell, he walks slowly along the carpeted corridor, and turns into the hallway leading to his own room. Along this he goes some twenty paces or more, when there comes quickly into view from a side gallery the figure of a tall, slight, and graceful girl. She has descended some little flight of stairs, for he could hear the patter of her slippered feet and the swish of her skirts before she appeared. Now with rapid step she is coming straight toward him, carrying some little glass phials in her hand. The glare of the afternoon sun is blazing in the street, and at the window behind her. Against this glare she is revealed only *en silhouette*. Of her features the young soldier can see nothing. On the contrary, as he is facing the light, Major Abbot realizes that every line of his countenance is open to her gaze. Before he has time to congratulate himself that recent shaving and the new straps have made him more presentable, he is astonished to see the darkly outlined figure halt short: he sees the slender hands fly up to her face in sudden panic or shock; crash go the phials in fragments on the floor, and the young lady, staggering against the wall, is going too—some stifled exclamation on her lips.

Abbot is quick, even when crippled. He springs to her side just in time to save. He throws his left arm around her, and has to hug her close to prevent her slipping through his clasp—a dead weight—to the floor. She has fainted away, he sees at a glance, and, looking about him, he finds a little alcove close at hand; he knows it well, for there on the sofa he has spent several restful hours since his arrival. Thither he promptly bears her, gently lays her down, quickly opens the window to give her air, then steps across the hall for aid. Not a soul is in sight. His own room is but a few paces away, and thither he hastens; returns speedily with a goblet of ice-water in his hand, and a slender flask of cologne tucked under his arm. Kneeling by the sofa, he gently turns her face to the light, and sprinkles it with water; then bathes, with cologne, the white temples and soft, rippling, sunny hair. How sweet a face it is that lies there, all unconscious, so close to his beating heart! Though colorless and marble-like, there is beauty in every feature, and signs of suffering and pain in the dark circles about the eyes and in the lines at the corners of the exquisite mouth. Even as he clumsily but most assiduously mops with his one available hand, and looks vaguely around for feminine assistance, Major Abbot is conscious of a feeling of proprietorship and confidence that is as unwarranted, probably, as it is new. 'Tis only a faint, he is certain. She will come to in a moment, so why be worried? But then, of course, 'twill be embarrassing and painful to her not to find some sympathetic female face at hand when she does revive; and he looks about him for a bell-rope; none nearer than the room, and he hates to leave her. At last comes a little shivering sigh, a long gasp. Then he holds the goblet to her lips and begs her to sip a little water, and, somehow, she does, and with another moment a pair of lovely eyes has opened, and she is gazing wildly into his.

"Lie still one minute," he murmurs. "You have been faint; I will bring your friends."

But a little hand feebly closes on his wrist. She is trying to speak; her lips are moving; and he bends his handsome head close to hers; perhaps she can tell him whom to summon.

But he starts back, amazed, when the broken, half-intelligible, almost inaudible words reach his ears:

"Paul! Papa—said—you were killed. Oh! he will be so glad!"

And then comes a burst of tears.

Abbot rises to his feet and hurries into the hall. He is bewildered by her words. He feels that it must be some case of mistaken identity, but—how strange a coincidence! Close by the fragments of the phials he finds a door key and the presumable number of her room. Only ten steps away from the little flight of stairs he finds a corresponding door, and, next, an open room. Looking therein, he sees a gentle, matronly woman seated by a bedside, slowly fanning some recumbent invalid. She puts her fingers on her lips, warningly, as she sees the uniform at her door.

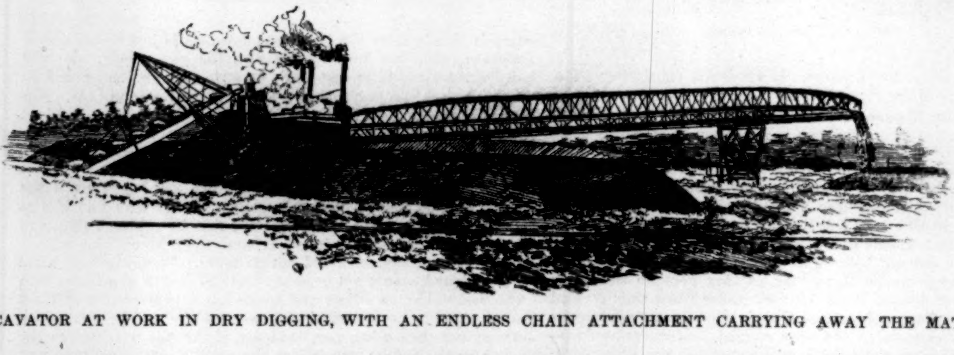
"Do not wake him; it is the first sound sleep he has had for days," she says. "Is this the army doctor?"

"No," he whispers. "A young lady has just fainted down in the next corridor. Her room adjoins this. Do you know her?"

"Oh, Heaven! I might have known it. Poor child, she is utterly worn out. This is her father. Will you stay here just a few moments? His son was a soldier too, and was killed—and so was her lover—and it has nearly killed the poor old gentleman. I'll go at once."

Still puzzling over his strange adventure, and thinking only of the sweet face of the fainting girl, Abbot mechanically takes the fan the nurse has resigned and slowly sweeps the circling flies away. The invalid lies on his right side with his face to the wall; but the soft, curling gray hair ripples under the waves of air stirred by the languid movement of the fan. The features have not yet attracted his attention. He is listening intently for sounds from the corridor. His thoughts are with the girl who has so strangely moved him; so strangely called his name and looked up into his eyes with a sweet light of recognition in hers—with a wild thrill of delight and hope in them, unless all signs deceive him. The color, too, that was rushing into her face, the sudden storm of emotion that bursts in tears; what meant all this—all this in a girl whom never before had he seen in all his life? Verily, strange experiences were these he was going through. Only a week or so before had not that gray-haired old doctor shown almost as deep an emotion on meeting him at Frederick? And was he not prostrated when assured of his mistake; and was it not hard to convince him that the letters to which he persistently referred were forgeries? Some scoundrel who claimed to know his son was striving to bleed him for money, probably, and using, of all others, the name of Paul Abbot. And this poor old gentleman here had also lost a son, and the sweet, fragile-looking girl a lover! How peacefully the old man sleeps, thinks Abbot, as he glances a moment around the room. There are flowers on the table near the open window; books, too, which, perhaps, she had tried to read aloud. The window opens out over Pennsylvania Avenue, and the hum and bustle of thronging life comes floating up from below; a roar of drums is growing louder every minute, and presently bursts upon the ear as though, just issuing from a neighboring street, the drummers were marching forth upon the avenue. Abbot glances at his patient, fearful lest the noise should wake him, but he sleeps the sleep of exhausted nature, and the soldier in his temporary nurse prompts him to steal to the window and look down upon the troops. They are marching south, along Fourteenth Street—a regiment going over to the fortifications beyond the Long Bridge, and, after a glance, Abbot steps quickly back. On the table nearest the window lies a dainty writing-case, a woman's, and the flap is down on a half-finished letter. On the letter, half disclosed, is the photograph of an officer. It is strangely familiar as Abbot steps toward it. Then—the roar of the drums seems deafening; the walls of the little room seem turning upside down; his brain is in some strange and sudden whirl; but there in his hands he holds, beyond all question—his own picture—a photograph by Brady, taken when he was in Washington during the previous summer. He has not recovered his senses when there is an uneasy movement at the bed. The gray-haired patient turns wearily and throws himself on the other side, and now, though haggard and worn with suffering, there is no forgetting that sorrow-stricken old face. In an instant Major Abbot has recognized his visitor of the week before. There before him lies Dr. Warren. Who—*who*, then, is *she?*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



AN EXCAVATOR AT WORK IN DRY DIGGING, WITH AN ENDLESS CHAIN ATTACHMENT CARRYING AWAY THE MATERIAL.

VIEWS ALONG THE PANAMA CANAL.

The views along the line of the interoceanic ship-canal between Colon and Panama which are printed in the issue of this Weekly give its readers a fair idea of what has been done with the $175,000,000 already spent in this gigantic enterprise. What remains to be done with the $35,000,000 working capital now in the treasury of the canal company, and with the proceeds of the loan of $70,000,000 just authorized by the French Chamber of Deputies—and which it seems likely the government will finally sanction—may be readily inferred from the pictures made at Bas Obispo and the Culebra.

Until recently most Americans who had not visited the Isthmus of Panama believed the De Lesseps canal to be a hypothetical ditch crossing an impracticable country—on paper—and connecting, not the two oceans, but De Lesseps and the "stockings" of the French peasantry. Only a year or two have elapsed since the veteran financier of France declared to the Crown-Prince of Germany—now the dying Emperor—that he expected to find his capital "in the woollen stockings of France, in which the peasants, workmen, and small tradesmen store their savings, a few sous every Saturday." Within a month or two those stockings have yielded him fifty million francs. With this and the new lottery loan experienced engineers declare the canal can actually be finished, by the Eiffel lock system, before 1893. If this idea be anything like correct, there must be on the isthmus something more than a paper ditch. And the pictures accompanying this article unquestionably show this to be the case.

But they also show the enormous quantity of work yet remaining. About eighteen miles of the canal from Colon southwestward are now open to navigation for vessels of twelve feet draught. This result was only reached on February 22d of this year, when the Mindi Cut, shown in the picture, was completed by the great dredge, also depicted. The course of the canal from coast to coast is just seventy-four kilometres, or about forty-five and a half miles, in length. The section opened by the completion of the Mindi Cut is only a little more than the first contract division, which is twenty-four kilometres, or about sixteen miles, long, extending from Colon to Bohio Soldado. There are five other contract divisions of the work, on which operations are now being pushed, but none of which is in anything like the advanced state of approximate perfection produced by New York money and American tact and enterprise on the first division. To H. B. Slaven, President of the American Dredging and Construction Company, to the genius of the man who invented the patent dredges—three views of which are given herewith—and to the money of Mr. Slaven's associates, Eugene Kelly, Charles M. Fry, and Morton, Bliss, & Co., this result is due. French enterprise and skill and French money, of which there seems to be plenty available just now, may be able to finish the other five sections by the lock system within five years. Mr. Slaven says this will be done.

If Ferdinand De Lesseps, who is now eighty-three years old—not a great age for great men on the Continent—should live in health to be eighty-eight, there is little doubt that he will succeed, by the aid of M. Eiffel, the builder of the famous Eiffel Iron Tower in Paris, in locking vessels across the isthmus. The action of the French Deputies a week or two ago seems to assure sufficiency of funds. The late Emperor William of Germany was active until he was ninety-two; Von Moltke is eighty-eight now. The four hundred thousand Frenchmen who have subscribed $200,000,000 for his stock are not expecting too much of M. De Lesseps when they insist that he shall live and work for them five years longer. They know he is a wonderful man, descended from a wonderful family. His grandfather walked across Siberia before the Revolution, after landing in Corea from the ill-fated vessel in which La Perouse made his famous voyage around the world. Nothing is known of the fate of the others. The son of that De Lesseps, and father of the present one, helped during the Consulate to negotiate the cession of Louisiana by Spain to France; so the family is not now identified with an American enterprise for the first time.

It is plain that the two great original mistakes of this remarkable undertaking have been, first, the under-estimate of the period required for its completion, and, second, the ridiculously inadequate estimate of the amount of money necessary. There have been many and expensive errors of administration, such as are not unlikely in a private enterprise on such an extensive scale. But there are compensating considerations, of which American machinery, skill, and daring have not been the least.

The American Dredging Company receives $500,000 a month for its contract work. It has now at work seven of the great machines shown in the illustrations. Five of them were built in New York, and cost, delivered at Colon, $160,000 apiece. The picture of the Mindi Cut shows what is called a Scotch dredge at work breaking through the last rocky barrier to free canal communication between Colon and points twelve miles up the canal. Much of the rock in sight had already been shattered by dynamite. It was intensely irritating to De Lesseps to be stopped four miles out from Colon by this hilly chain of almost solid rock.

Passing the Mindi Cut, one sails past the native village of Gatun to where the "City of Paris," the biggest and most ingenious of the SLAVEN dredges, is at work. It is probably the largest dredge in the world, and digs through earth and rock or mud and water with equal facility. It excavates and carries a safe distance away on the banks twelve thousand cubic metres of earth a day, and is as nearly automatic as a machine can well be. The tower on the deck, as shown in the illustration, is seventy feet high. To that height the soft material is hoisted from the channel of the canal in immense iron buckets, each holding a cubic metre, moving on an endless chain. From the top of the tower this material is then conveyed to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet on either side by the big pipes shown in the drawing. At that distance there is no danger of its flowing back into the canal bed. The operating staff of the "City of Paris" consists of twenty boys and men. The view near Tabernilla shows the similar endless chain of buckets by which dry excavating is done, the removed material being shot off to a wonderful distance on the right.

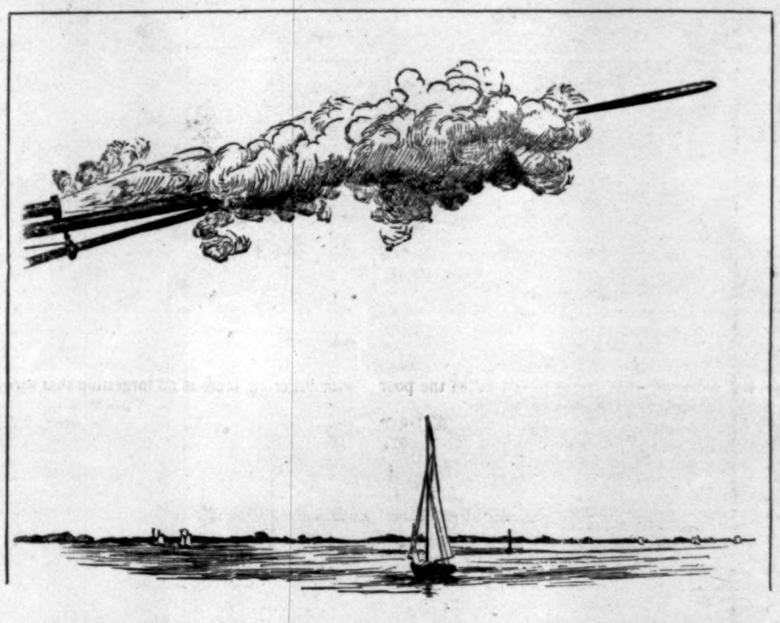
An excellent idea of the vast operations necessary on every division of the canal except the first may be gained from the view of the high point at Bas Obispo, looking toward the Culebra, or mountain divide. The dry bed of the canal partially excavated is shown in the foreground. The white-walled quarters of the employés and laborers employed at this important point are seen in the distance. Intersecting and running parallel with the axis of the canal seven distinct lines of tramway are to be seen, the highest running along the upper edge of the bluff on the left, and all showing by their successive depression the herculean task it must have been to cut down a great hill into a spacious valley.

The most interesting, perhaps, of these views along the canal is that outlining in the background the profile of the Culebra, or backbone of the isthmus. What was once a solid continuous chain of rock is shown to have been cut away into a stupendous artificial gap, up to which run the canal bed and parallel system of tramways found necessary to carry away the demolished hills.

This view is on the fourth contract division of the canal, which contains the heaviest work. It is only about four kilometres in length. The highest point of this Culebra, or ridge, which must be dug and cut away is more than three hundred feet above the canal bed, and the whole division averages much more than two hundred feet above that level. The manager for the contractors for this division, M. BUNAUVARILLA, was formerly a Director-General of the Panama Canal Company. The canal directors seem to have a great way of resigning and getting hold of fat contracts. He says he will have his work done by 1891.

Count DE LESSEPS is expected shortly on the isthmus. He was there in 1882, and again in 1885, just before his last visit to New York. He said then the canal would be finished in 1888 or 1889. Afterward he put the date for its completion in 1890 at latest. Disappointed, perhaps, as he has been in these predictions—more so than the world, which didn't much believe them—he has done a great deal in the interval. He says now he has all the money he wants, and recalls the success of his Suez Canal and the fact that it took fifteen years to finish it.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.



A SHELL IN ITS FLIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY considered, the print made by Major Wallace Randolph, of the Third United States Artillery, showing the flight of a shell as it leaves the pneumatic torpedo-gun, is the first picture of the kind ever taken.* Captain Zalinski, in his paper read before the Naval Institute at Annapolis, stated that the mean horizontal velocity of the shell fired from the pneumatic gun was 580 feet per second. In the print presented the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY the shell is 15 feet from the muzzle of the gun, and is speeding along with an initial velocity of nearly 700 feet per second. The projectile itself has a total length of about six feet. It may be seen that it appears somewhat elongated in the print. This is due to the fact that the mechanical means employed to shut out the moving object were not quite fast enough. The future problem for instantaneous pictures does not lie in the sensitiveness of the plates, but will find its solution in a purely mechanical device. It may take some years before we can overcome inertia, or reduce it to a barely appreciable interval of time. It is said that $\frac{1}{5000}$ of a second is the mechanical time interval now arrived at, but for certain exceptional kinds of pictures this would still be too slow.

On the occasion of the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, English officers fired what they were pleased to call a "Jubilee shot." The gun was a 9-inch one, and the weight 25 tons. The initial velocity of the projectile fired was 2375 feet per second, and after travelling $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles that projectile reached the ground and was picked up. If it had continued at this rate of speed for an hour, it would have gone a fraction over 1619 miles. It is believed that in time it will not be impossible to have a picture of a projectile moving at this high rate of speed. Some very curious photographs showing the disturbances caused by projectiles in air are due to a professor at the Imperial Austrian Naval Academy.

In the illustration may be seen the puff of vapor which accompanies the discharge of the pneumatic gun. This expansion would be in some respects like the development of the gases from a powder combustion, but the condensation of the air from a pneumatic discharge would be more rapid than that from a powder gun. There must be some curious acoustic problems to be studied by means of the pneumatic gun. From the little noise it makes, this might arise from the expansion and condensation or contraction following each other so immediately that the first effects of concussion would be minimized. That there is no smoke is one of the great advantages of this terrible arm. The cloud of noxious fumes is where the shells explode, and not at the mouth of the gun.

Photographing for military purposes began with pictures of the effects of projectiles on iron plates and masonry. To-day many officers are specially skilful with their cameras, and views of all interesting objects are taken. A very good series of photographs were made of the destruction of the *Silliman* by shells charged with high explosives. In one of these prints there is a clever point developed by the sensitive plate. When the loaded shell strikes the water, a very brief interval of time occurs before its explosion. To the uninitiated the two disturbances would seem simultaneous, but they are not. First comes the usual white splash, such as would be made were an unloaded shell to strike the water. This is seen to the front of the vessel, but rising back of it, and mounting much higher, are dense black fountains. This is the true dynamite explosion, the water tinged having the dark inky fumes. The picture shows too the concussion in the air, the rope attached from the bowsprit to the mast-head of the vessel buckling and springing from the near explosion.

In the illustration of the flying shell, to the right of the vessel is the Coney Island elevator, and the stretch of water covers a distance of some six miles.

What is called "the personal equation" enters to a very considerable degree in the taking of a print of this kind. The connection the individual possesses between brain centres and the motor power varies. In some it is longer or shorter. With his back to the gun, Major Randolph has to gauge by the ear alone the exact time when the slide of his camera is to be opened and closed. A fraction of a second wrong, and the picture would be good for nothing. The photographer of the future when on the battle-field must be as steady as a rock, indifferent to his surroundings. Differing, however, from the soldier, after having taken his negative he may run away.

AN AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO BABYLONIA.

EVER since the remarkable discoveries made by Botta and Layard beneath the mounds of the Tigris and Euphrates the "land between the two rivers" has been the scene of antiquarian and archæological activity. In desolate spots, where for hundreds of years there had reigned a stillness interrupted only by the roar of lions and the howl of jackals, the humdrum of human voices commingling with the sound of the spade and pickaxe was heard again. Scientific expeditions followed close upon the heels of one another, and with scarcely an exception met with marked success. European nations vied with one another in their endeavors to resuscitate a long-forgotten past. Palaces and temples, filled with all their precious contents of yore, rose, as though touched by a magic wand, before the astonished eyes of the explorers. They trod the very paths which thousands of years ago had resounded with the footsteps of triumphant armies; they saw the works of art which remained as silent witnesses to the former greatness of Mesopotamia, when the monarchs of Assyria and Babylonia were the rulers of the world. It was a meeting of past and present. Of the rich treasures dug up out of the historic soil, massive sculptures with long inscriptions, statues, inscribed cylinders, obelisks, tablets, and bricks, besides numerous ornaments, crossed the distant seas to find a new resting-place in the museums of Europe. The lion's share of the spoils has fallen to the British Museum, and deservedly so, for England has far surpassed in her activity all other countries. The names of Layard, Loftus Taylor, Rawlinson, Rassam, and Smith, form a galaxy of which England has reason to feel proud. France follows next with her magnificent "Salles Assyriennes" in the Louvre, indissolubly linked with the honored names of Botta, Sarcey, Place, Oppert, and De Sarzec. Germany has been more distinguished for the part her scholars have taken in deciphering the strange writing on the stones and bricks coming from the mounds than for her activity in the field, though good specimens of Assyrian antiquities are to be found in Berlin and elsewhere, and recently a German expedition has returned from an excavation of some mounds in southern Mesopotamia, the preliminary reports of which have already reached us.*

Until a few years ago our own country played the part of a passive observer in all these efforts; but with the rather remarkable advance in the furtherance of higher studies at our colleges and universities which characterizes the past decade, a strong interest in the ancient cultures of Assyria and Babylonia has sprung up. Chairs for Assyriology have been established in almost all of the larger universities, and filled as they are by able representatives of the science, students are no longer under the necessity of seeking instruction at European institutions. The Assyrian departments in some of our museums are beginning to loom up. The Metropolitan Museum in New York, besides containing quite a number of valuable tablets and bricks, has now one of the largest collections of Assyrian and Babylonian seals in the world. Harvard University a few months ago came into possession of a goodly number of the so-called contract tablets, which are important for the insight they afford us into the commercial ways of the ancient Babylonians. Yale, Amherst, Philadelphia, and one or two other places, have a few specimens that by some chance have found their way to our shores; there are some in the hands of private individuals, and the Smithsonian Institution is now actively engaged in obtaining casts and fac-similes of all Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities in this country, with a prospect of extending its efforts so as to include copies of important inscriptions and monuments in European museums. Moreover, in 1884 the first American expedition to Mesopotamia was fitted out, through the munificence of the late Catherine L. Wolfe. The expedition, which was under the leadership of Dr. W. Hayes Ward, of New York, was merely tentative in its character, sent out for the purpose of gathering general information about the mounds, and reporting on sites that promised further returns to the explorer; but the hope was entertained at the time that the preliminary expedition would soon be followed by a larger enterprise, fully prepared to carry on excavations on a proper scale. This hope is now approaching its realization.

The announcement is made that a Babylonian expedition, organized under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, will shortly leave this country. Professor John P. Peters is the director of the expedition, and he, in company with those interested in the matter, is busily engaged making the final preparations for the important work which is to be undertaken, and which we hope will be successfully accomplished. Representatives from other learned institutions will very likely accompany the Philadelphia party. Professor Peters will leave for Europe during the month of June, and spend the summer months in London, Berlin, and elsewhere in making further necessary arrangements. Other members of the staff will leave later on, and some time during October the joint start will be made from Beyroot to Mosul, and thence down the Tigris to Bagdad, which will be made the head-quarters of the expedition. It is proposed to confine the excavations during the coming winter to the mounds in southern Mesopotamia, the majority of which lie as yet untouched by a spade. The course of civilization in ancient Mesopotamia running, as has been ascertained, from south to north, the southern mounds contain the oldest remains of the high culture which once flourished in this region, and besides, the mounds in the north, covering the site of Assyrian cities, have up to the present received far greater attention than their southern companions, beneath which old Babylonian edifices are buried. The plan of the Philadelphia expedition is therefore an extremely wise one. The climate of Mesopotamia renders progress in the excavations necessarily slow, for there are only some months of the year during which excavations can at all be conducted. More especially is this the case in the south, where the inundations that occur regularly in the spring convert the district between Bagdad and Basra into vast fever-breathing marshes, which, added to the extreme heat that generally sets in early in May, renders a further sojourn intolerable. The operations of the expedition must therefore be suspended over the summer months, and while it is expected that its labors will extend over two seasons at least, it is, of course, too early to say what the plans for the following winter will be. The Philadelphia expedition will probably be the forerunner of others to be organized in other cities of the Union during the coming years, so that the present interest displayed in Assyrian research bids fair not only to continue, but to grow considerably in the course of the next decade. By the end of that time, if present efforts prove successful, we may be able to point to a permanent American school of archæology, with its centre in Mesopotamia, as a worthy pendant to the present American school at Athens.

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* See article on "Babylonian Cemeteries" in HARPER'S WEEKLY, May 12, 1888.

IN MOONLIGHT.

THE white moon fills the silent sky,
  And stirring at her feet
The white floods rise and leap the shore—
  Bold lovers, rash and fleet.

But a swifter flood to feel her sway,
  And rush in a restless tide,
Is the love that leaps from my heart in words
  For her whom I walk beside.

The white moon slips from the silent sky,
  The sea slips from the shore,
And back to my happy, silent heart
  Sweeps the flood of words once more.

But not till the waves have kissed the beach,
  And the moon has kissed the sea,
And not until, sweetheart, I too
  Have kissed—been kissed by thee.

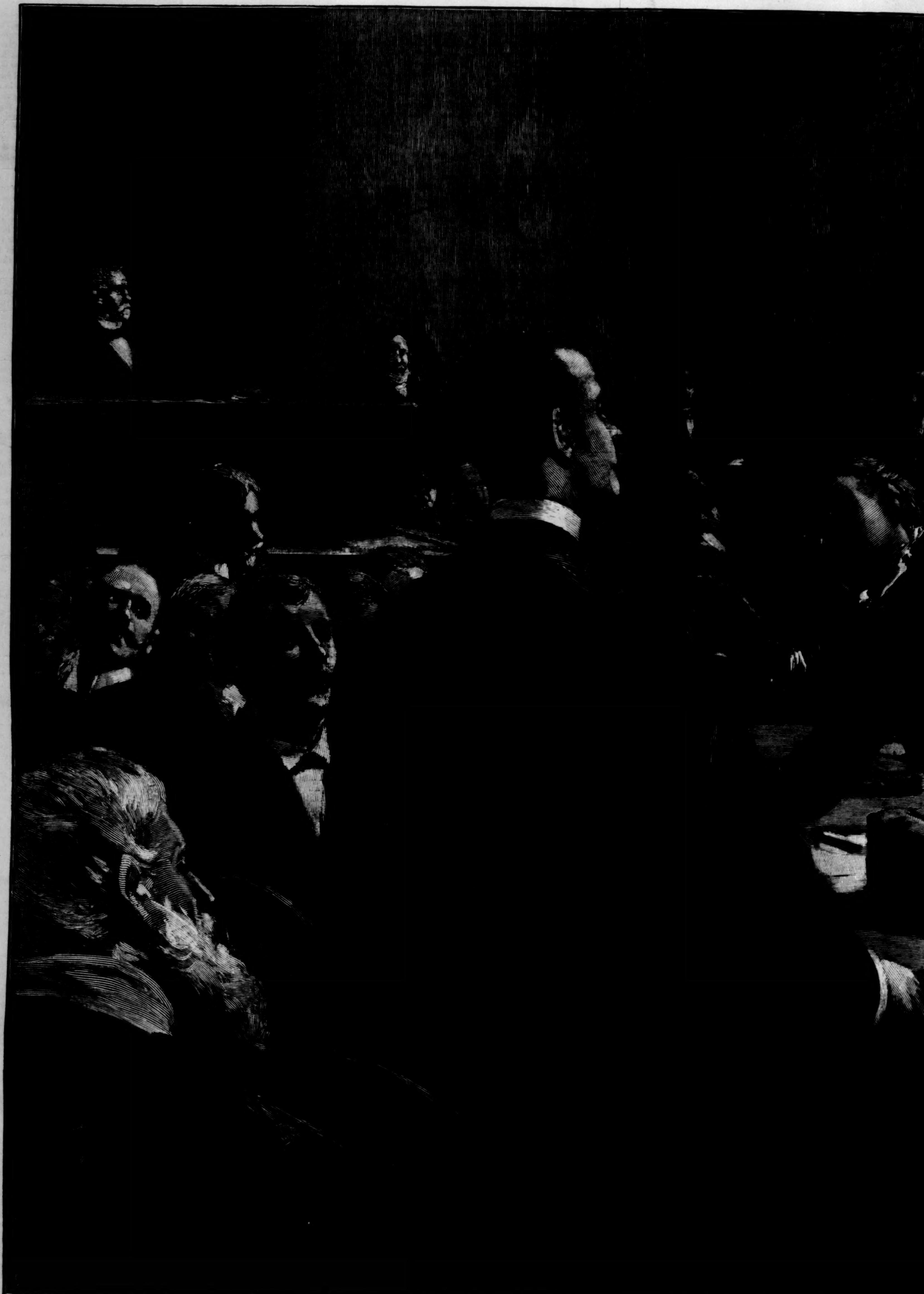
A. W. R.

NAVAL RIFLE PRACTICE.

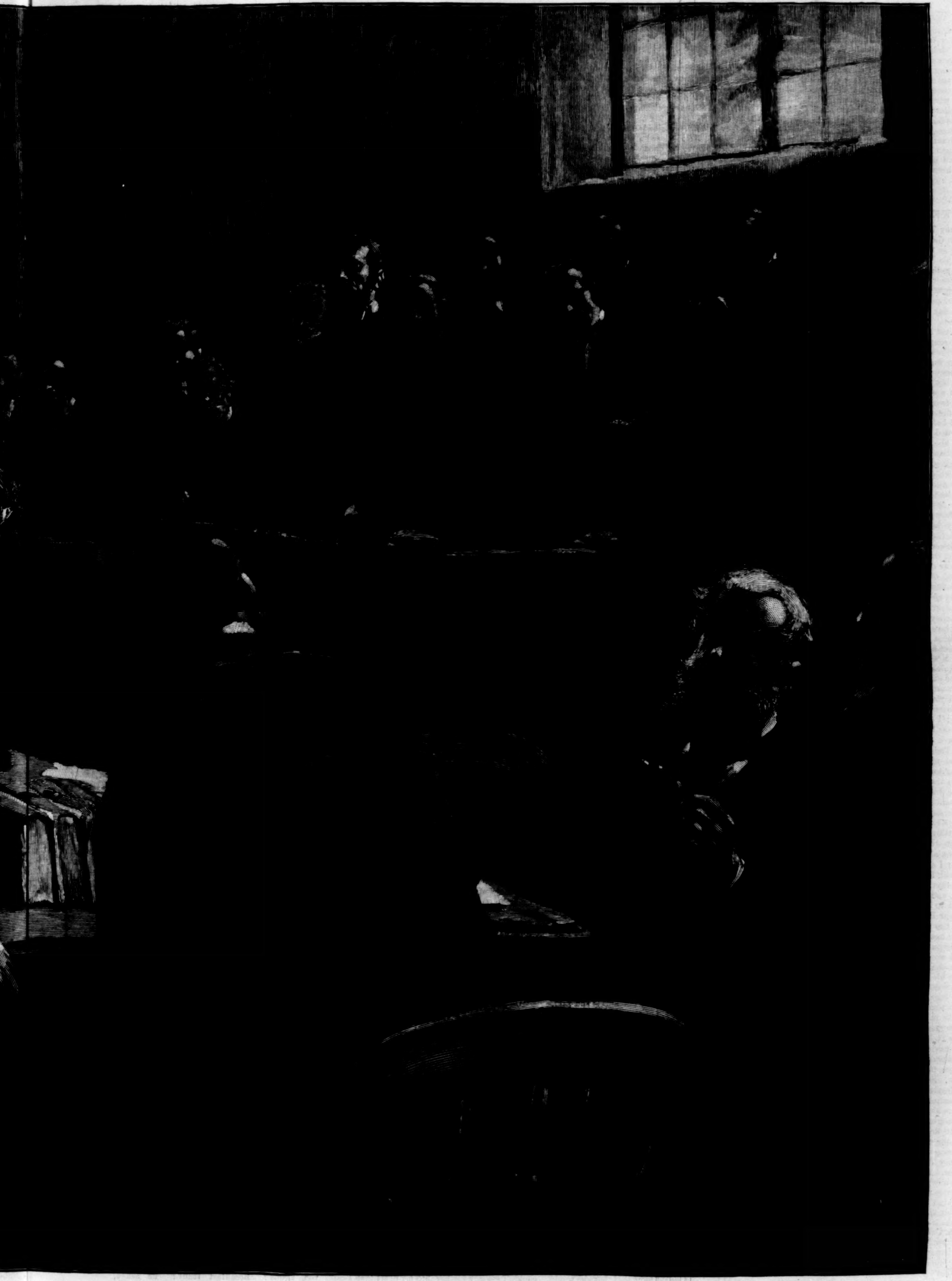
IN this number of the WEEKLY we give a representation of an interesting and important form of rifle drill now pursued in the navy, that of firing from ships' boats. This has been made practicable by the introduction of breech-loading small-arms, whose advantages over muzzle-loaders, not only for rapidity of fire, but for loading without disturbing the equilibrium of the boat, are manifest. The cartridges, carried in the belt, can be supplied to the rifle in a steady movement, and thus good aim can be taken, even in a fire at will, no movement of the boat whatever being produced by those engaged meanwhile in the process of loading. The effect given by the illustration is like that of a platoon of infantry, the port and starboard sides firing like a front and rear rank without interference, and if necessary with as regular an alternation, or else at will, in order to secure the greatest volume of fire. But a greater analogy is suggested with cavalry firing mounted, since the problem presented is that of taking perfectly accurate aim from a position not wholly motionless. For a long time one of the advantages secured by the Indians on the plains was that of being able to fire with the deadliest effect from the backs of their ponies, while many cavalry recruits and even veterans found this position less suited for accurate aiming. The Indians also from the outset eagerly sought the new breech-loading arms, and often, provided with them, encountered regular forces less well weaponed. Practice has done much for the regular cavalry in this form of firing, and the boat rifle drill will undoubtedly do much for the navy.

The leading feature of all the drills which the vessels of the North Atlantic Station now conduct assiduously nearly every year, beginning as far south as the Gulf early in the season, and working northward from port to port as the weather grows warmer, is the landing and manœuvring of the naval brigade. While fleet manœuvres and practice with the great guns are carefully and continuously carried on, this is done with a consciousness that within a few years the old-time slow wooden craft and their old-fashioned batteries are to be replaced by fast steel vessels with the modern appliances, and by naval artillery suited to the times. But the drill of the *personnel* of the fleet in landing and in shore manœuvres will practically be the same with our ships and batteries as now; and the highest efficiency in it is demanded all the time. One of the first services required of a squadron taking the aggressive in an expedition is likely to be that of landing the naval brigade. This, for example, was needed at the Isthmus a few years ago, when active operations of the navy were conducted during the war in Colombia.

While the landing of the marines and blue-jackets will, of course, habitually be conducted under the fire of the guns of the fleet, yet it becomes a source of additional confidence and efficiency if the landing party can attack and defend with its own weapons in the passage to or from shore, as our illustration indicates. Besides, river expeditions are often called for; while all along the continent are multitudes of sounds, lagoons, and other bodies of water, which only small boats can enter, and it may be necessary for these to fight their way to shore, in lack of reliance on the guns of the fleet.



"NOT GUILTY."—Drawn by



by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 418.]

WHEN JUNE IS NEAR.

Rejoice, rejoice, dear earth, for, lo! the day
Of thy fair visitation is at hand.
The birds have covered all the brooding land
With nests, and now one cometh down to lay
Awak'ning fingers on the clover fields;
The young corn shall lift sturdy arms to greet
Her longed-for coming, while low-bending wheat
The yellow treasure at its heart shall yield.
But should these tokens fail thee, lo! one holds
Unchanging—when the roses come, lift high
Exultant welcome song, for June is nigh.
Now, by the swelling buds the earth enfolds,
By all near tokens, sing aloud, ye lands,
For here, within thy borders, fair June stands.

Lucy E. Tilley.

JOCKEY TODD, TORPEDO-MAN.

Jockey Todd was always sent with his pair of bays on the perilous journey of the torpedo-man. He was in the employ of a torpedo company, and it was his business to take the nitro-glycerine to the oil well, pour the fluid into the long cylindrical shell, lower it to the rock, and drop upon the cap the weight that would release the explosive to rend the petroleum stratum.

One day on the Custer road he gave the bays the whip. They broke into a wild run, and the Custerites have a vivid memory of Jockey Todd's dash through the town. He came down the main street like a whirlwind, and they held their breath, waiting for the explosion. As he rushed upon them they lived an age. But Jockey Todd sat on the box as carelessly as if he were winning a race in a walk. In the post office door stood a girl of twenty. She had run out of the street to avoid the team. She had hardly time to turn around before the bays shot past, yet her quick eyes noted the calmness of the man at the lines.

"Oh!" she cried, "the Sandy!"

The Sandy was only a small mountain stream that flowed into the Tuna, but the bridge had been torn up for repairs. The plunge into that narrow ditch would be fatal beyond doubt to the driver, and he did not seem to know about it.

The spectators, fascinated, could not flee. Their hearts beat hard and their eyes projected as they looked for the explosion. The bays cleared the ditch, and the wagon dived into it. The Custerites could not believe their eyes, for there on the ground stood the driver, unharmed, and away down the road, with the wagon tongue bumping on the ground between them, the bays were running at full speed toward Harford.

Every spectator shouted and ran to the bridge. Leona Jervis went with the crowd, and when she saw Jockey Todd coolly answering questions she fell in love with him. Noticing her, he remembered that he had seen her in the post-office door, and he smiled as he recalled her frightened look. Meeting his gaze, she blushed, and his smile quickly gave place to a scowl. Daring always, he strode to where she stood, and asked, in a harsh tone,

"Did you think to see a man in bits, blowed every direction by the glycer'n'?"

"No; I come hopin' to see him clear the ditch as easy as he come to it."

"I ask your pardon. My name is Todd—Hiram Todd."

"And mine is Leona Jervis; I live there," pointing to a house on the hill above the Tuna.

From that impulsive beginning the acquaintance of Jockey Todd and Leona Jervis ripened into a mutual affection.

Some days after this, Jockey Todd pulled up the bays as he was passing Leona's home. She was getting breakfast for her brother Grip.

When Jockey Todd was leaving, Leona threw her arms around his neck and said, "Give it up, Hiram; I am so afraid all the time."

"I will, Leona; I will never drink again."

But that was an evasion. She clung to him tighter, and pleaded: "Oh, Hiram, I can't let you go back to it. The terrible glycerine will surely take your life some day if you keep on handlin' it, and I'm worried to death all the time. Why, I never hear an explosion, if it's only an empty can, without jumpin'. My heart just stands still while I wonder if it's you or—or—"

And she stammered into silence, hiding her face on his shoulder. He filled out the sentence, whispering in her ear—"Or Grip."

Her face pressed his shoulder in assent.

Grip was a moonlighter—one who torpedoed oil wells in the night at the risk of arrest and imprisonment. The torpedo company for which Jockey Todd worked had a patent entitling them to the exclusive right of torpedoing oil wells, so that all persons engaged in clandestine operations with the torpedo at the well were in danger of the law. Such persons were called moonlighters. Grip Jervis had long been suspected by the torpedo company, and detectives had been employed to watch him; but he was cunning, and had never been caught. Leona's admission to Jockey Todd was the first reliable evidence obtained by any one in the company's employ that Grip was actually a moonlighter.

Jockey Todd loosed her arms and jerked open the door. Leona's face blanched.

"You're not goin' to tell on Grip, are you? He carries a pistol, and would kill you."

"I ain't goin' to do nothin' now. I'll shoot this well, and think things over on the way back. I'll most likely give it up."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Leona exclaimed, forgetful of her brother in the joy of having a half-promise from her lover that he would abandon his dangerous business.

"'Tisn't because I'm afraid of gettin' killed. When a feller's got to die he'll do it, no matter what his business is. Neither me nor Grip's goin' to get hurt till our time comes. No; it's because I'm a regular and Grip's a moonlighter that I'm bothered. I'm mixed between duty and love. Say, Leona, what did you tell me for?"

"I didn't quite tell you. You guessed it, and I couldn't lie."

"Well, kiss me good-by, and we'll fix things up somehow."

She watched him drive up a small hill in the road. The shadowy appearance of the team and driver in the fog when they reached the top of the rise almost made her cry out in anguish. With superstitious foreboding she returned to the house.

Jockey Todd drove slowly; there was turmoil in his mind. He possessed a sense of honor, and it troubled him to be deceiving those whom he served. He felt that if he withheld from the company the evidence that Grip was a moonlighter he would be treating them unfairly. He was very glad when he reached the oil well that he had come to torpedo. The exciting task that he was about to perform would for the time divert his thoughts. He stopped the horses a short distance from the derrick, and jumped to the ground. Then he opened the box to get the glycerine. There was none there! The box was empty, yet he himself had seen the cans placed there at the factory before he started. He shut the lid with a slam.

"It was mean, durn mean, of Grip Jervis to steal my stuff while I was in his house courtin' his sister."

He put his foot on a hub of a wheel, and leaning an elbow on his knee, became thoughtful. He could not go back to the factory and declare that the box had not been filled, for he had signed the receipt, and it was already filed as a voucher for the quantity he had taken. If he reported to the company that he had lost the glycerine he might be accused of conniving with the moonlighters. At last he saw a way out of his difficulty. Being on good terms with a man who manufactured glycerine, and whose trade was largely with the moonlighters, Jockey Todd resolved to go to him and try to buy enough of the explosive to "shoot" the well. He hid the shell under some bushes, and drove to the factory, where he succeeded in purchasing the amount of glycerine he needed. He also bought a shell.

When he returned to the well, curiosity led him to look under the bushes where he had secreted the other shell. It was gone.

"Grip is tryin' me mighty hard," he muttered, as he swung a can of glycerine carelessly from the box.

It was not long until the torpedo was at the bottom of the deep well, and then Jockey Todd picked up the three-cornered weight. "I'd like to drop this on Grip's head," he said, between his clinched teeth, as he stood over the casing through which the oil was soon to spout.

"Now git!" he said to the men employed on the lease, who were standing in the derrick. They fled, and he dropped the "go-devil" into the casing. He heard it strike the petroleum, and a second later a sound like the snapping of a percussion-cap reached him. Then he ran from the derrick floor. He was only a few paces from it when a column of oil shot over the top of the derrick.

He was always proud of a successful shot and a quick response on the part of the well, but this time his pleasure was momentary. As he turned to look at the flow, something flashed in the sunlight. He shut his eyes quickly, but not soon enough to avoid seeing Grip Jervis lying under some low-hanging bushes, and beside him the shell Jockey Todd had brought to the well that morning. He became angry, and jumped on the box, forgetting his reel. He took up the lines and spoke to the bays. They started off at a rapid gait, and he let them go. The surface of the road was soft and muddy, and there were many deep ruts. Into one of these a front wheel sank, and he went out on his shoulder into a puddle. The horses ran on, passed the Jervis home, and dashed into Harford.

Leona saw them and the empty wagon, and her heart stood still. At last it had come, and Grip would soon return with the news of Hiram's death. She stationed herself at a window from which she could see up the road. A great weight of dread oppressed her, and there was a lump in her throat, but she did not weep. She had always prided herself that she was not "one of the cryin' kind." Presently she uttered a glad exclamation. She saw Jockey Todd on the top of the little hill. He was walking along rapidly, and she knew at once that he was angry. But she did not mind that, and ran to meet him.

"Oh! I'm so glad you're not hurt!" she said, running into the middle of the muddy road.

He was covered with mud, and presented a sorry appearance. Leona's reaction of spirits was so great that, unheeding the scowl on his face, she laughed at him.

"Do you think it's funny?" he snarled.

"It wouldn't be if you had been hurt," she replied, softly, as she looked fondly upon him.

This, however, did not appease him.

"That brother of yours was the cause of it. I'm comin' to see him to-night."

Her smile faded and her face grew pale. With trembling lips she asked:

"Are you comin' alone?"

"Do you think I'd bring anybody?"

"I don't think you'll find Grip."

"I will if you've got confidence in me."

"Well, what if I have?"

"You won't tell Grip I'm comin' for supper."

They had been standing in the mud in the middle of the road, but both were so earnest that neither thought of the ludicrous side of the situation. She looked steadily at him for a moment after his declaration that he meant to come for supper. Had he caught her hand and held it, or attempted to coax her, she would have doubted him, and would have said that she would tell Grip to expect him. But she saw he was still angry, and was asking no favors, although he was determined to meet Grip if possible.

"Well," she said, deliberately, "if you come you needn't be surprised to find plates only for two."

"That 'll be enough, if they're for Grip and me."

With that he left her, and went splashing through the mud toward Harford.

Leona was angry, thoroughly so, and called after him: "I s'pose you'll change your clothes, and come in your Sunday suit. If you and Grip eat together, you might need your good clothes to be buried in."

Leona had a high temper, and when it was aroused her tongue was reckless.

Jockey Todd did not reply nor look around. Leona returned to the house, called herself a fool for running into the mud to meet Jockey Todd, and resolved to inform Grip that he could expect a visitor for supper. But the day passed and Grip did not come home. She began to be uneasy about him, fearing he and Jockey Todd had met. She had not begun to get supper when she saw Jockey Todd coming up the road. She was so angry at him that she did not laugh when she noticed that he wore his Sunday suit. Something serious was impending, and she wished she could warn Grip; but it was too late, for there he was talking to Jockey Todd at the gate. She had not seen her brother approach the house.

Grip was laughing, but Jockey Todd's face was dark.

"You had no business to play me that trick, Grip."

"The company can stand it," said Grip.

He was reckoning on Jockey Todd's love for Leona.

Leona went to the open door, and could hear all that was said.

"But if I report it, the company won't stand it."

"But you won't report it," said Grip, still laughing.

"Mebbe I will, and mebbe I won't."

Grip put his hand to his hip pocket and tapped the butt of a revolver. "If you tell the company I stole the glycerine, I'll put a hole in you." Grip had ceased laughing, and assumed a threatening air.

Leona ran down the steps. "What are you two fightin' about?" she asked.

There was no reply.

"What is it, Hiram Todd?" She turned fiercely on him.

"Grip's got to quit moonlightin'," he answered.

"I guess he'll do as he pleases about that," she said, sharply.

"Well, all I've got to say is that I've warned Grip."

At this Leona's eyes flashed, and she shook her fist in Jockey Todd's face. "If you tell on Grip, I hope he will kill you. Now you can go your way and I'll go mine. You're a coward to come here and threaten my kin."

"Well, you've got my word for it, Grip. Quit now, when you've got a chance. Remember the glycer'n'."

"Remember this, Jockey Todd," Grip replied, and laid the revolver across his arm.

"I will, and get one for myself."

Jockey Todd turned his back on the brother and sister, and started toward Harford.

"She never was as pretty as when she was shakin' her fist at me. I think she could make life interestin', but I have to give her up."

Thus mused Jockey Todd as he went his way in obedience to her command.

The brother and sister—she in no amiable mood toward him—went into their house, and soon sat down to supper. There were plates for two, and for some reason, when she was washing them after the meal, Leona's eyes became moist.

The next morning Jockey Todd went to the company's office and resigned his position, giving as a reason for leaving their employment that he was afraid the glycerine would soon number him among its victims if he did not stop handling it. A few days afterward he got work as a pumper on a lease on the hill just above Leona's home. He could sit in the engine-house door and see her moving about in the yard.

One day Grip came home with the news that Jockey Todd had quit shooting wells and gone to pumping them. Leona stared at Grip a moment, and when he smiled said, "You needn't think he give up his job because he was afraid of you. He couldn't stay with the company and not tell on you."

"Oh! he was afraid, though," said Grip, with an air of bravado.

"Some of these nights you'll find out that Hiram Todd don't fear anything. Mind what I say, Grip."

Grip only laughed.

When Jockey Todd took up his abode in the engine-house on the Krohm lease, he was surprised that the silence of the woods after night was agreeable to him. He found comfort in the quiet that was broken only by the stroke of the pumping-engine and the rattle of the rods. These sounds were so regular in repetition that he grew to consider them a part of the stillness. The flaming gas jet threw at the whim of the wind changeful shadows across the cleared space in which the derrick stood. The trees nearest him in the encircling woods were distinctly brought out by the flickering light, and when it bent before the breeze, it gave him glimpses of grim trunks that were in the darkness when the flame stood still, but beyond was the dense night of the deep forest. He got into the habit of watching this change of light and shadow, and of gazing at the impenetrable darkness.

"Leona acted accordin' to her light, but she couldn't see any further into my heart than I can into the woods. Maybe I can show it to her some time as plain as day."

Thus he mused upon Leona, and waited for the time to come when she would fully understand him.

Leona began to regret her hasty action, as day after day went by and no harm came to Grip. He was still free and light-hearted, while her spirits drooped, and she went about her work in a listless, preoccupied manner. Often in the evening she stood in the door and looked up at the gas jet. In the distance it was only a point of light, but she knew that under it Jockey Todd was sitting, and between him and her the night intervened. At last the sense of the injustice she had done him was so heavy upon her that she resolved to right it. One evening, just after the night fell, she threw a light shawl over her head and started up the hill. She knew the way, and did not need the guidance of the gas jet that suddenly went out.

Jockey Todd was leaning back in his chair in the engine-house, and wishing he could see Leona. His eyes were closed, and when, after a few minutes, he opened them, the derrick and the cleared place were lighted only by the rays of a moon not yet in the third quarter. Supposing the strong wind had blown the light out, he got up to relight the gas. When he stepped to the door he saw a man going to the derrick. He became cautious at once, and remained in the engine-house. The intruder walked all around the derrick, and Jockey Todd, watching his actions, concluded he was a moonlighter. He knew the well was to be shot that night, but for the moment had forgotten it. He had been away in the early evening, and had not learned where the glycerine had been concealed.

The moonlighter examined each part of the derrick in turn, and did not seem to discover the marks left by the glycerine man who had hidden the explosive. At last the moonlighter struck a match. By its light Jockey Todd recognized Grip Jervis. Moreover, he saw that Grip was drunk.

Soon Grip found what he was searching for, and turning his back to the derrick, began to pace off a distance, counting aloud, "One, two (hic), three—" Then Jockey Todd ran out of the engine-house toward him. Grip stopped and faced about. He was so intoxicated that he could not stand erect. "Who's that?"

"Me—Jockey Todd."

"Stand where (hic) you are." Grip felt for his pistol, but in a second Jockey Todd was on him, and held his hand in a firm grasp. There was a sharp struggle of a moment, and Grip staggered back unarmed.

Jockey Todd put the pistol in his pocket. "Now, Grip, listen to reason: you are too drunk to shoot this well. You sit down and I'll do it."

"I ain't drunk. I shoot this well myself—mind that. You never was nothin' but a well-butcher, anyhow."

"I tell you if you pick up a can of glycerine to-night you'll drop it, and that 'll be the end of you."

"Stand out of my road."

Grip made a lunge forward. Jockey Todd avoided the blow, and returned it. Grip fell back on a stone, and lay there still.

Jockey Todd soon found the glycerine and the shell. He carried the explosive to the derrick floor, then quickly fitted together the joints of the shell. In a few minutes the torpedo was filled and lowered to the rock, and he dropped the weight.

On going out of the derrick to avoid the flow of the petroleum he was met with the command: "Hands up, Grip Jervis! I've caught you at last."

Leona, crouching behind a clump of bushes, heard the words, and shivered in fear, for it would be like Grip to show fight, and perhaps be killed.

"I'm not objectin' to hold up my hands; but I'd like to inform you, Mr. Perkins, that you've got the wrong name."

"Well, I'll be torpedoed," exclaimed the detective, "if it isn't Jockey Todd!"

"The same."

"Well, I'm done up!" Perkins ejaculated, putting away his revolver.

"I was sure I had Grip Jervis," he continued. "You see, Grip was in Harford this afternoon, and got drunk. He did a lot of talking, and said he was going to shoot a well on the Sextuple Tract to-night. I followed him, but he gave me the slip. So I could do nothing but watch the gas jets from the top of the hill. When I saw this one go out, I made a bee line for here. I got here just as you were lowering the shell; after you dropped the weight, I went for you, thinking you were Grip. Hang it! I wish it had been him."

Leona was both relieved and distressed. She was glad that Grip was free, and troubled because of Jockey Todd's arrest.

"Well, I guess you'll have to come along with me, Todd."

"All right, Perkins. Wait till I get my hat."

He led the way to the engine-house, careful to keep the derrick between Grip and them. Entering the engine-house, he reappeared in a moment with his hat on, and a coat over his arm. "Guess I'd better light up," he said.

Striking a match, he fired a long pine stick, which he thrust into the stream of gas he loosed from a pipe, and instantly the scene was brilliantly yet uncertainly lighted.

Leona, peering through the bushes, could see his face. It was determined.

After the detective and Jockey Todd were out of sight, Leona entered the open space, meaning to follow them. She jumped when she came near stepping on a man, and uttered a low scream when she saw Grip lying before her.

Bending over him, she caught him by the shoulder to wake him. It was hard to do, but at last he grunted, and opened his eyes stupidly. "That you, Leona? Breakfast ready?" he asked, huskily.

"Get up, Grip. You have fallen and hurt yourself."

Staggering to his feet, he looked around in a dazed way. Presently he said: "Oh, I know! Where's Jockey Todd?"

"Gone."

"He got afraid and run."

"Why?"

"We had a fight, and he knocked me down. I was tight, or he couldn't have done it."

Leona became strangely excited, yet she seemed calm, and her voice, although constrained, was even, when she said: "You came here to shoot the well, and Hiram wouldn't let you, because you were too drunk. You fought him, and he knocked you down."

"Yes, that was the way; but I'll get even with him."

"What for?—keepin' you from bein' arrested?"

"What do you mean?" Grip stared at her blankly.

"That Perkins arrested Hiram for shootin' this well. Perkins thought he had you at first."

"And didn't Jockey Todd squeal on me?"

"Never said a word about you. Went right along, and kept Perkins from lookin' around."

Grip hung his head and was silent a long while. When he spoke again he said: "Well, that's what I call the square thing. A man can't come it over me that way, though. I'll tell Rogers the whole story, and I know he won't push Jockey Todd."

Leona said only, "Come, Grip, let's go home."

Grip was so taken up with Jockey Todd's generosity that he never thought to ask Leona what she did there.

Next day Grip did tell the whole story to Colonel Rogers, and, as he had predicted, Jockey Todd was not proceeded against. Grip was offered and accepted a position with the torpedo company. That night he, Leona, and Jockey Todd sat down to supper together.

Alexander L. Kinkead.

AT THE PLAY.

A pretty comedy of love to-night,
And all the house is gay with flowers and light.
There is a hint of passion in the plot,
Of love that's lightly won, and soon forgot—
An old, old play.

But ah! my lady, though you sit and smile,
I see your eyes steal, dark'ning all the while,
To where a brown head bends above a gold
With all the grace it bent o'er yours, of old,
When at the play.

The scene goes on, with music and the dance,
But still she marks, with sidelong, furtive glance,
How tenderly he bends him down, to say
Some earnest words, in just the sweet old way—
It is the play.

Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace;
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face,
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,
With all the while a strange weight on her breast—
A bitter play!

The curtain falls; the comedy is done;
The music fades; the lights die, one by one;
My lady sees with what protecting care
Do strong hands wrap a slight form from the air
After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns;
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns;
And why her lips are white he cannot guess,
Nor why her small hands tremble so—unless
Too long the play.

Katharine Phillips Williams.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

The speaking phonograph, which has recently been improved, is now a practical machine for recording dictation, and is unquestionably one of the most astonishing and instructive instruments ever produced. The accompanying illustrations of the apparatus as perfected by Edison, its original inventor, and recently exhibited to the public, show the method of dictating to and transcribing from the phonograph, as well as the instrument itself. About ten years ago Mr. Edison astonished the world by producing a machine which could record and reproduce sounds of all kinds so perfectly that even articulate speech, when recorded, could be preserved and repeated at any time, not only intelligibly, but with all the delicate expressions and inflections of the voice of the speaker. This instrument, like all early forms of inventions, had certain drawbacks: it was clumsy, would only record very loud sounds, and it required a skilled operator. Having freed himself from the cares incident to developing the electric light, Edison has lately indulged his ambition of returning to his favorite invention, which he alludes to as the only one he ever made that is worth mentioning, and after a comparatively brief effort gives us a complete practical machine.

The improved phonograph consists of a small brass cylinder mounted upon a spindle and rotated at an absolutely steady speed by an electric motor, with a very accurate governor concealed in the bottom of the case. Upon this cylinder is slipped a thin tube or hollow cylinder of wax for receiving the record. A small sharp steel cutter, attached to a web of silk which is stretched across the end of the mouth-piece, or speaking tube, is so placed and adjusted that its point cuts a fine line in the wax as the cylinder revolves. When sound waves strike this silk it yields to their impulses, vibrating the cutter, and varying the depth of the groove cut in the wax. To prevent the tracing so formed from returning upon itself after one revolution of the cylinder, the entire mouth-piece carrying the cutter is caused to move lengthwise along the cylinder, a hundredth of an inch at each revolution, by a very fine screw. In this way the line traced is made a fine continuous spiral of great length, giving room for a long message. The mouth-piece is so arranged that it can be pushed aside to make room for another mouth-piece carrying a blunt point, which will lie in the groove so as to rise and fall with every undulation in its depth, without cutting the wax or altering the shape of the tracing. This is called the reproducer. When it is put in position, and the cylinder again rotated under it after having received a record, its pointer and sheet of silk are made to follow the same motions or assume the same kind of vibrations as those of the cutter in the recording mouth-piece when that was vibrated by sounds or talking as the cylinder was revolved in receiving a record.

The new phonograph has a cutting tool which, when required, trims off the surface of the wax in advance of the recording needle, so as to remove the old record and prepare the surface for the new one. The ordinary thin cylinders of hardened wax, which have room for an eight-minute conversation or letter, may be smoothed off for a new record fifteen to twenty times. It has been found, by actual test, that each record will bear repetition aloud five hundred times. Another feature of the improved instrument is a lever, by pressing which in the same way that one touches a piano key, the mouth-piece is raised, and the phonograph instantly thrown out of action, to allow a copyist to catch up, or to permit an interruption, whether receiving or repeating, without interfering with the uniform rotation of the cylinder. By a little greater pressure on the lever the mouth-piece is caused to move back so as to repeat a portion of the inscription when again lowered against the revolving cylinder, the distance it moves back depending upon the length of time the key is held down.

By this simple instrument for recording every vibration of the air, and again imparting exactly the same vibrations to the air, sounds of all kinds, including all of the delicate secondary tones which make up the character of any music, every inflection of the voice, and their peculiarities and characteristics, are faithfully recorded and reproduced, so that the voice may be even recognized, and it is likely that by its sound an expert could identify the make of a piano. The whole principle of the phonograph, as well as of the telephone, is that sounds or talking will set a plate into characteristic vibration, and the sounds will be perfectly reproduced by causing the plate to vibrate again in the same way.

To explain clearly how it is possible for the marvellous feats of the phonograph to be accomplished it is necessary to review one or two of the principles of sound, and to explain the difference between music and spoken words. Passing over music and simple noises, and taking up the most complex kind of sound, namely, articulate speech, we enter upon a subject which was considered spiritual rather than mechanical. The individual peculiarities and delicate expressions of the human voice have been looked upon as almost belonging to the soul, and as therefore incapable of reproduction. We recognize people by these slight but sure differences in quality, and think that "there is no mistaking that voice." We pay the same tribute to the individuality of each kind of musical instrument, being able to distinguish one from another positively, by the quality of the sound only, after hearing precisely the same musical note struck upon each. The first question to be answered is, What is the difference in the sounds of different voices and of different musical instruments by which we distinguish them, if it is difference neither in the loudness nor in the pitch of the tone produced? It is the simultaneous sounding of other notes which accompany faintly the note played upon the instrument, not loud enough to be heard, but giving it richness and quality in precisely the same way that a chord makes a richer sound than a single note. These extra notes, sometimes called sympathetic vibrations, are too faint to be separately recognized, but they modify the original note, giving it a richness, quality, or "timbre" which differs for every instrument. The piano is richer than the harp, because its strings are surrounded by a case which imparts the vibrations of each string to such of the other strings as are in accord with it, thereby causing those nearest in agreement to accompany every note struck. The proportion of faint notes which accompany the note played is different in different kinds of musical instruments, being affected by the shape of the case, the material, etc.; hence the difference in quality of sound.

In talking, the sounds of the voice are made nearly all in one note, and articulation is simply the effect of rapid and decided variations in the quality or the timbre of the note, as if the instrument which was sounding was rapidly changed from an organ to a violin, a piano, etc., as the different syllables are pronounced. These changes in the musical nature of the mouth are made by using the tongue, palate, lips, and teeth to vary its shape, and bring out the extra vibrations in the various proportions of different musical instruments from moment to moment. In other words, speech or articulation consists of one tone produced by the voice or vocal chords, and then modified by the various shapes which the mouth can assume so as to possess at will the quality giving properties of any instrument. This flexibility of the voice is illustrated by the fact that the voice can imitate almost any musical instrument. Many people do not realize that a conversation is carried on in nearly a single tone, with variations in its quality only. When we vary the pitch of the notes produced by the voice, as well as the quality, we are singing, and when we vary the pitch without varying the quality, that is, without pronouncing words, we are "humming" a tune, and it will be seen at once that in doing this, as we are not required to change the quality of the sounds, we may start the tune and continue it in imitation of any musical instrument, as a banjo or a trumpet.

All of these sounds and tones of every possible nature, simple and compound, are carried to the ear by vibrations or waves of the air. A simple note consists of a number of uniform waves sent through the air, the number increasing with the pitch of the note. The middle C of the piano is the effect upon the ear of 256 waves per second striking it. If two notes are struck at once, the two sets of waves are blended, leaving one set of waves a little larger, and containing all the waves of both notes. In the same way, when a rich sound is emitted or a word is pronounced, the single set of irregular waves which are produced in the air contains the simple waves of the key-note, with little waves added which represent all the accompanying or sympathetic vibrations that give the quality or character to the sound. These minute waves unite with the larger ones, but still retain their character and exert their modifying influence in very much the same way that ripples may appear upon the surface of large waves of the ocean.

When these air waves strike any solid body they set it into vibrations, exactly like those in the air; and conversely, when a solid body can be set into vibration, it imparts its motion to the air, and produces the corresponding waves or sound. This is the principle of both the phonograph and the telephone. The latter, as its name implies, reproduces sounds at a distant place by setting the air there into vibrations like those that strike the instrument at the receiving station. The phonograph records the sounds received in such a form that the record may be used at any time to reproduce the sounds, the record being perfect in every detail, so that the reproduced sounds will be a perfect copy of the original in every respect. In the phonograph the vibrations of any sounds which reach it set in corresponding motion a cutting point, which is pressed against a moving surface of wax so that every vibration makes a corresponding undulation in the line cut in the wax. To reproduce the vibrations, or again create the sounds in the air, a dull point is pressed against the wax, and when the undulating line in the wax is moved under it, the point, in following the undulations, is set into vibrations which are an exact copy of those which made the record in the wax. The small sheet of silk to which the point is fixed imparts the sounds to the air, and in this way we hear the original sounds reproduced. The pronunciation of words and the rendering of music by the phonograph are perfect. The voice is distinct, and every word is pronounced clearly, so that a copyist or compositor may work directly from the dictation of the instrument.

One of the essential features of the phonograph as well as the telephone is that there shall be nothing used in the instrument which shall have a characteristic sound of its own, like a trumpet or a sounding-box. Any addition of this kind tends to impart its own hollow sounds to the tones of the instrument. It is for this reason that all of the efforts during the last forty years to make a talking machine have failed. It is easily seen now that if for the purpose of producing a sound like a trumpet we introduce a trumpet as a part of our apparatus, the instrument will fail when required to produce a sound which is entirely free from any of the trumpet peculiarities. For the same reason, the sounds to be repeated by the phonograph would be more distinct if not delivered to it through a speaking tube, which muffles the sounds before they are received, in consequence of which a muffled sound is sometimes recorded. As in the telephone, the progress in improving the clearness has been at the expense of loudness. And to get perfect results it is necessary to make such a delicate record that one has to apply tubes to the ears in listening to the repetition.

The invention of the phonograph is a remarkably impressive example of the possibility of finally explaining and demonstrating any apparently mysterious problem, and of utilizing the knowledge gained. In thinking of its future it is exceedingly interesting to imagine the results which may be derived from studying its tracings. It will furnish us the complete analysis of the sounds of words, and it may give us curves which can be copied in a larger size, like type, to be used for stentorian talking machines.

Schuyler S. Wheeler.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE M. E. GENERAL CONFERENCE.

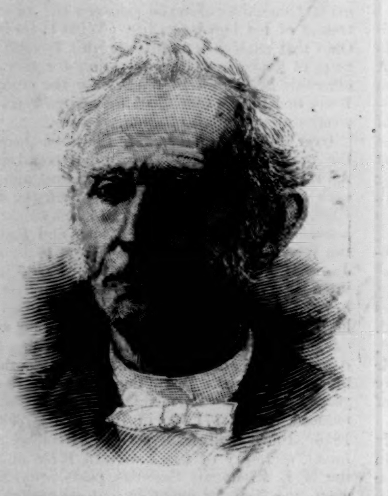
"This is a remarkable General Conference," was not an infrequent comment on the quadrennial legislature and judicature of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the thirty-one days of its session in New York. It was remarkable for many things—for the election and consecration of six new bishops in the temple of the Muses; for the startling surprises, such as the choice of Dr. J. P. Newman to the episcopacy, and the rejection of others who were morally certain that they should be called to that dignity; for the modification of ecclesiastical polity in the direction of a settled pastorate and diocesan superintendency; and for the tokens that "Christianity in earnest," as Dr. Chalmers alleged Methodism to be, is rapidly spreading throughout the world. Sydney Smith would have found occasion for the manufacture of new witticisms, and possibly for the repudiation of some old ones. Many of these phenomena were scarcely deemed possible when the last General Conference met in the metropolis forty-four years ago. Two survivors of that notable convention, the Rev. Mr. Randall, of Maine, and the Rev. Dr. J. M. Trimble, of Ohio, sat on the platform with the bishops, but only the latter was a member of this. Indeed, he has not failed to enjoy the coveted distinction of representing the Ohio Annual Conference at every General Conference between the two extremes of his legislative life. What there is in Ohio that enables it to dispute with Ireland the palm of genius for office—certainly for winning office—is fit subject of inquiry for the curious. Every one of the Cincinnati delegation received election to some post or other.

Over fifty dusky faces were scattered through the parquet of the Metropolitan Opera-house. All revealed more or less of negro blood, and yet each owner had all the rights, privileges, and eligibilities of the whitest Aryan in his neighborhood. Dr. Trimble has lived long and fast in the forty-four eventful years. In 1844 he and James B. Finley, of Ohio, offered the resolution intended to silence Bishop Andrew until he relieved himself of the moral disability caused by his wife's ownership of slaves. He and she were one, and he was that one, was the common law dogma of the abolitionist twain. The Southern brethren objected. Disruption followed. In two years Trimble saw the membership of his Church reduced from 1,171,356 in 1844 to 644,299 in 1846. Since then, while serving as college professor, secretary of the American Bible and of the M. E. Missionary Societies, pastor, presiding elder, and financial agent, he has witnessed the death of slavery, and the marvellous growth of the two Methodisms, until now, at the age of eighty-one, he sees the Southern branch numbering over a million adherents, and the national one upward of two millions. Growth of wealth, culture, schools, churches, literature, and aggressive evangelical enterprise has kept pace with this amazing numerical development.

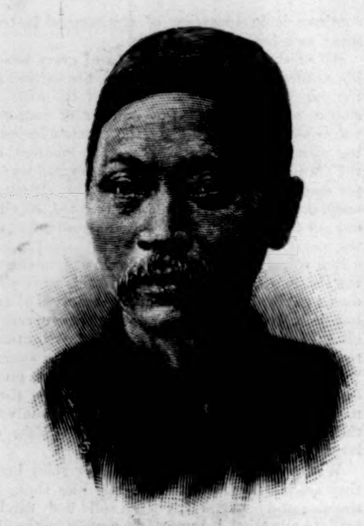
Ancient as the revered clergyman is, his antiquity is not so hoar nor his hair so white as that of Major L. Paine, lay delegate of the Wisconsin Conference, who, within the compass of his eighty-seven years, has heard Francis Asbury, second Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, preach in his father's barn. The latter is an embodied ideal of the Connecticut militia major, broadened by political experiences and liberal participation in the beneficences of world-wide Christian zeal. Two of his sons were distinguished patriots in the war for the preservation of the national Union, and for this, with other reasons, the faithful old legislator is held in highest esteem by the 159 delegates in attendance who wore the blue. That is the number, out of 468 in all, who are said to have paid their respects, under guidance of Dr. Newman, to the widow and family of their heroic General and President, Ulysses S. Grant.

Methodism is nothing if not militant. Not a little of the aggressive and conservative is in the spirit of the Rev. James H. Deputie, clerical delegate of the Liberia Conference, of which he is the secretary. Not a native of the "Dark Continent," but of Pennsylvania, he has spent twenty-three years of his ministerial life among the heathen *indigenes* of the republic, with considerable credit to himself and no small advantage to them. John L. Fuller, delegate of the Liberia Lay Electoral Conference, is a native of Liberia, and the son of Virginian emigrants thereto; is a merchant by occupation, a member of the Liberian Senate, a trustee of Liberia College, a resident of Sinoe, and a man of considerable energy. His presence and that of Mr. Deputie at the General Conference will probably be worth enough to Christianity and civilization to compensate the Church for the expense of transportation from and to their beloved country. But all the militant fructifying force that is in both these colored gentlemen exists in thousandfold greater intensity in the celebrated William Taylor, Missionary Bishop for Africa. Tall, sinewy, venerably and grayly bearded, never speaking unless he has something to say, and that something altogether his own, he is as remarkable as John Wesley or Thomas Coke, or, indeed, in the estimation of many, as Paul the Apostle. He has certainly covered more ground, travelled more miles, witnessed greater revivals of religion, and organized more churches than that prince of evangelists. The Transit and Building Fund Society of Bishop Taylor's self-supporting missions has charge of the temporalities connected with his somewhat irregular and extraordinary operations. During his busy and restless life he has preached and established self-supporting churches in South America, India, Africa, and other lands, connecting with them the means and appliances of culture and skilled industry, such as schools, colleges, religious publications, medical aid, and agricultural implements. The Bishop's "Liver Regulator" is a mild standing joke with colaborers on the Congo, and is known to farmers in the United States as a hoe. Over $150,000 has been spent since July 1, 1884, in carrying out his so-called Pauline plan of foreign missionary operations. That, in brief, was to preach and organize Christian churches in foreign cities wherein large and wealthy colonies of Jews were settled, and then to make each church a centre from which to attack the surrounding paganism; but in purely heathen lands this plan is unworkable. The missionary must create his own livelihood, and create moral ideas in the minds of his wild hearers at the same time. Both starve in the process—he physically, they morally; or the work goes on, with trading or agricultural or other accompaniments, at a speed unsuited to the needs of humanity and the spirit of the century.

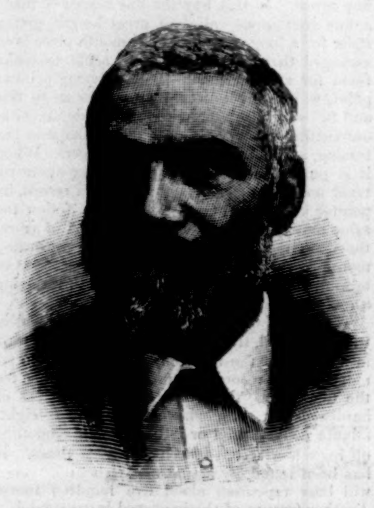
The Taylor experiment is worth all it costs, even if it only exhibit in an age of what some call a selfish officialism the sublime faith, heroism, and beneficence peculiar to the followers of Christ. He and his associates in Angola, on the Congo, and elsewhere, believe more or less practically in what he says are "the marching orders of the Lord Jesus." "Take nothing for your journey, save a staff only," etc. "If," he says, "we had for the work of God the zeal, self-sacrifice, capacity, and adaptability displayed by the Mohammedan propagandists, we should never again hear



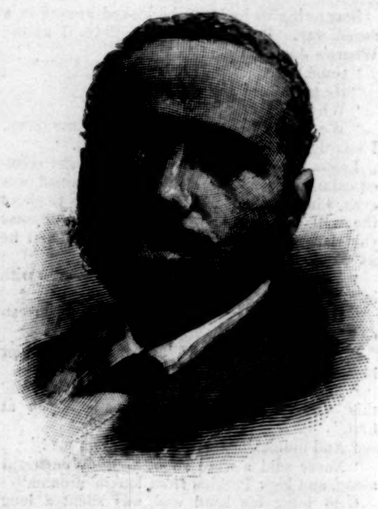
REV. ROBERT S. MACLAY, D.D., OF JAPAN.
From a Photograph by K. Ogawa, Tokio, Japan.



REV. SIA SEK ONG, PRESIDING ELDER, FOOCHOW CONFERENCE, CHINA.
From a Photograph by Garber, New York.



REV. JAMES H. DEPUTIE, MONROVIA, LIBERIA.—From a Photograph by Garber, New York.



HON. JOHN L. FULLER, SINOE, LIBERIA.
From a Photograph by Garber, New York.

NOTABLE DELEGATES TO THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONFERENCE.—[See Page 415.]

the question of self-support mooted." Possibly; but it is infinitely more difficult for Americans than for Arabs, pure or mixed, to come down to the domestic standards of the aborigines. Spite of all blunders, the Christian forces inherent in his movements are surely working to noble and blessed ends. Worldlings who don't believe in his methods believe in him. So with the Missionary Committee, of which he brusquely declares, "My methods are so diverse from theirs that the two can't be mixed up in the same office any more than can a coal-yard and a milliner's shop."

Very different in many particulars from **William Taylor** are **Robert S. Maclay**, D.D., clerical delegate of the Japan Conference, and D. W. **Thomas**, D.D., from that of North India. Each is a paladin of the Christian host. Dr. **Maclay**, born in 1824 at Concord, Pennsylvania, and educated in Dickinson College, sailed for China in 1847. Nine years of diligent toil at Foochow passed without the reward of a single convert. Now he rejoices in several scores of Chinese ministers, thousands of Chinese Christians, a Foochow Annual Conference (represented here by the Rev. **Sia Sek Ong**), a Theological School, Anglo-Chinese College, and Girls' School, all in the city of Foochow. Translator of the Scriptures, lexicographer, *savant*, and apostle, he was transferred to the Japan mission in 1872. Even greater results than in China followed his appointment. Japan is rapidly becoming Christian, and aspires to a nationalized Methodist Church. Liberal friends poured out money for churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, and printing-presses. In 1884 Dr. **Maclay** visited Seoul, the capital of Corea, initiated Christian work on educational and medical lines, and confidently anticipates fruits similar to those borne in China and Japan. Slight, scholarly, refined, and spiritual, he has been and is the conductor of shocks that stir the lethargic nations of the East, and quicken them to higher, grander, and more effective life.

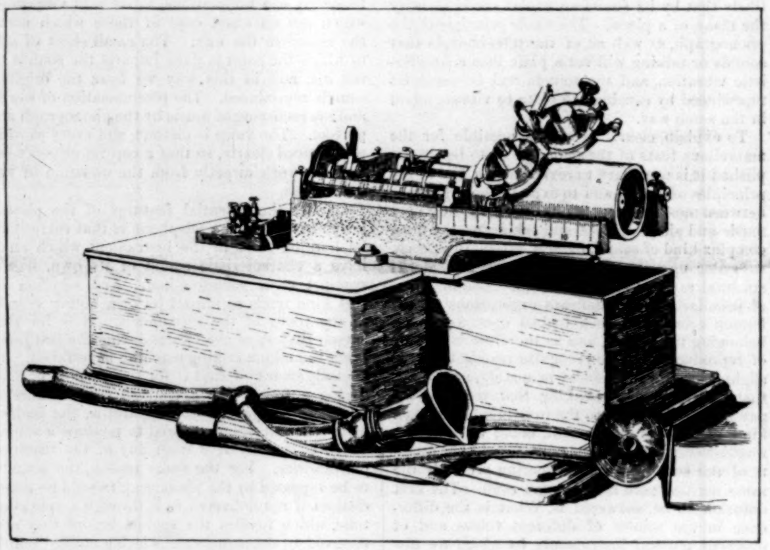
Sia Sek Ong, clerical delegate of the Foochow Conference, wore his national costume, received translations of all speeches from the Rev. Dr. **Nathan Sites**, the missionary who baptized him twenty-four years ago, spoke fluently in Chinese to the assembly, and gallantly voted in favor of the admission of women elected as delegates to membership in the General Conference. He is an eloquent preacher and an able author, one of the *literati* of his native land, a presiding elder in his Conference, and a disciple of Bishop **Taylor** so far as to trust entirely on the native Chinese Christians for the support of himself and family. In his interview with President **Cleveland** he seems to have made deep and favorable impression upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

Despite the difficulties encountered by the Rev. **Sia Sek Ong** in reaching the legislature of his Church, it is to be regretted that he was not accompanied by **Tiong A Hok**, the lay delegate-elect of his Conference. The latter is a wealthy merchant, lives and entertains in royal style at Foochow, was a contributor to the Paris Exposition and to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, gave ten thousand dollars to the Anglo-Chinese College, shares the profits of business with his employés, and appears to be altogether a very promising Christian.

The wonderful moral and intellectual development of China and Japan is fully paralleled by that of India. The Rev. D. W. **Thomas**, D.D., is not an old man—in fact, was born in Canada in 1833—but since himself and wife landed at Calcutta on the 17th of January, 1862, he has seen the feeble mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, planted a few years before that by the heroic Dr. **William Butler**, expand into three fully organized Annual Conferences. That belief can learn from unbelief, and Christianity from its critics, is manifest in the field of Dr. **Thomas**'s toil. Orphanages, with educational and industrial departments, were established by himself and coadjutors, and have yielded many admirable missionaries and missionaries' wives. In 1872 he donated $20,000 for the erection of the India Theological Seminary and Normal School at Bareilly, and was appointed its principal; afterward obtained a wholly inadequate endowment for it, and has since been gladdened by the graduation of one hundred and eleven native preachers, and of a large number of Christian teachers from the Normal School. Dr. **Thomas** is an able and prolific author, a wise and practical administrator, and a social experimentist on a large scale. From his own funds came the purchase-money for nine hundred acres of land on which he located a prosperous Christian colony, under terms which assured its perpetuity and provided for the increase of similar enterprises. It is designed to be not only a refuge for the persecuted, but a Christian model and radiating point of influence upon the encircling heathenry.

The signs of the times are striking and portentous. European, Asiatic, African, and American mission churches may in due time detach themselves from parental guardianship and assume independent life. But until the epochs of autonomy successively arrive, each will be represented in quadrennial assemblies by lay and clerical delegates, and after that by fraternal messengers. Women too, in all probability, will be legal members of the next General Conference—members with opinions and preferences of their own as decided as those of Miss **Dodge** and Mrs. **Agnew** in the New York Board of Education.

Richard Wheatley.



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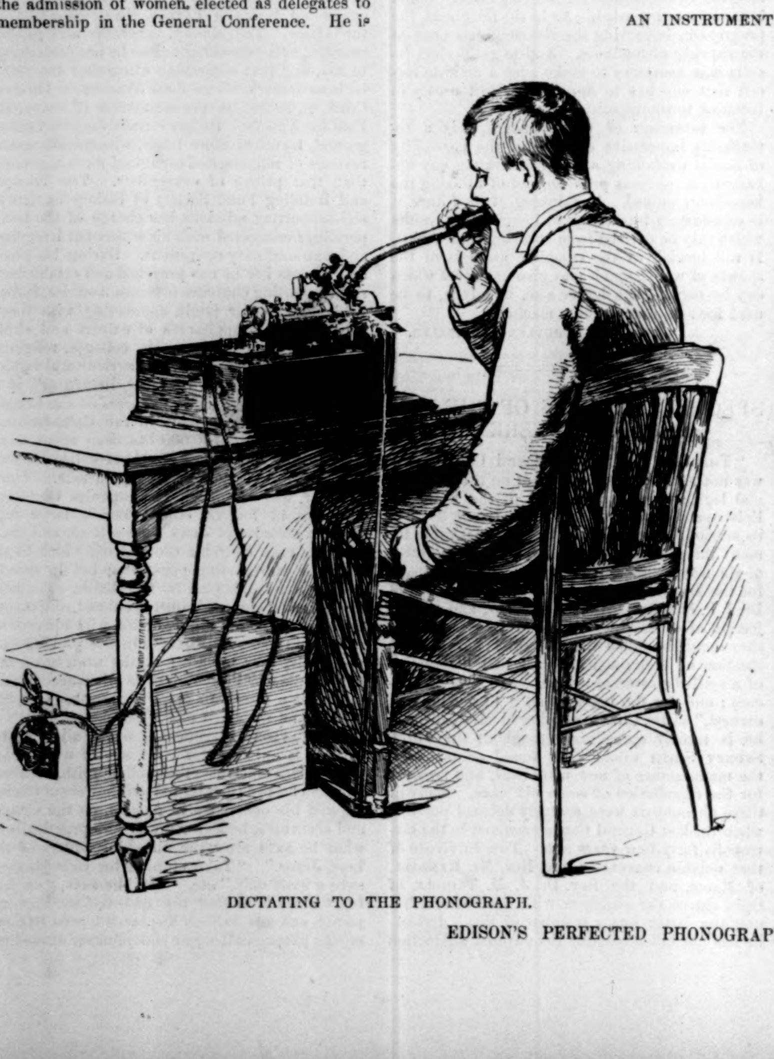
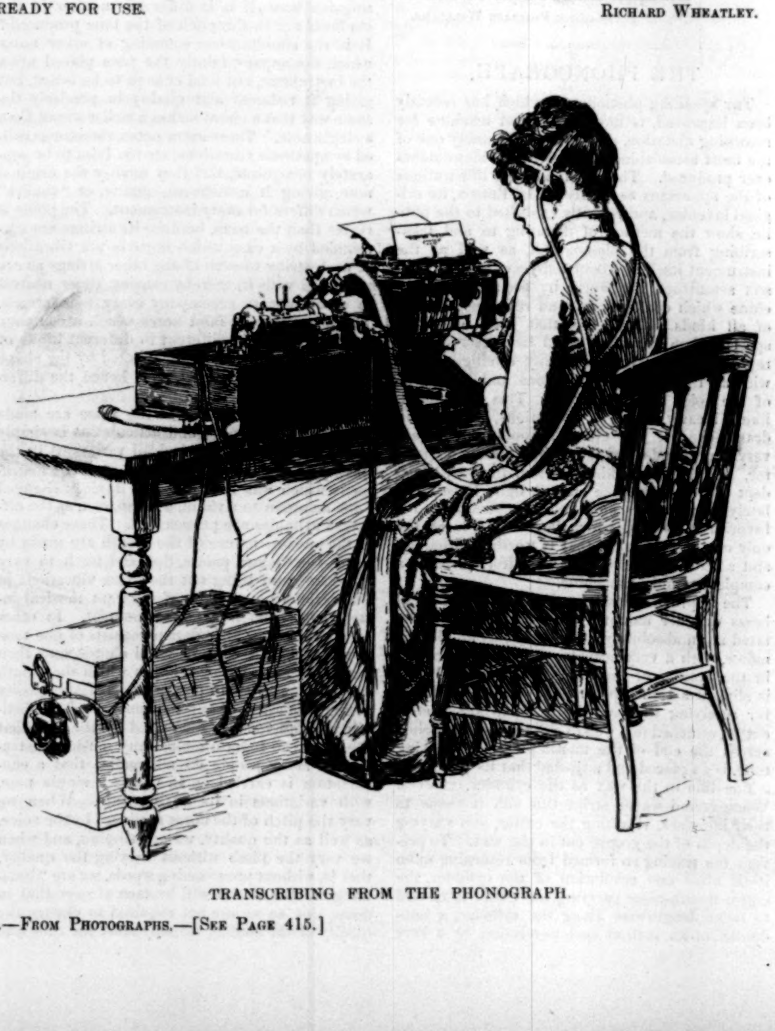


DICTATING TO THE PHONOGRAPH.



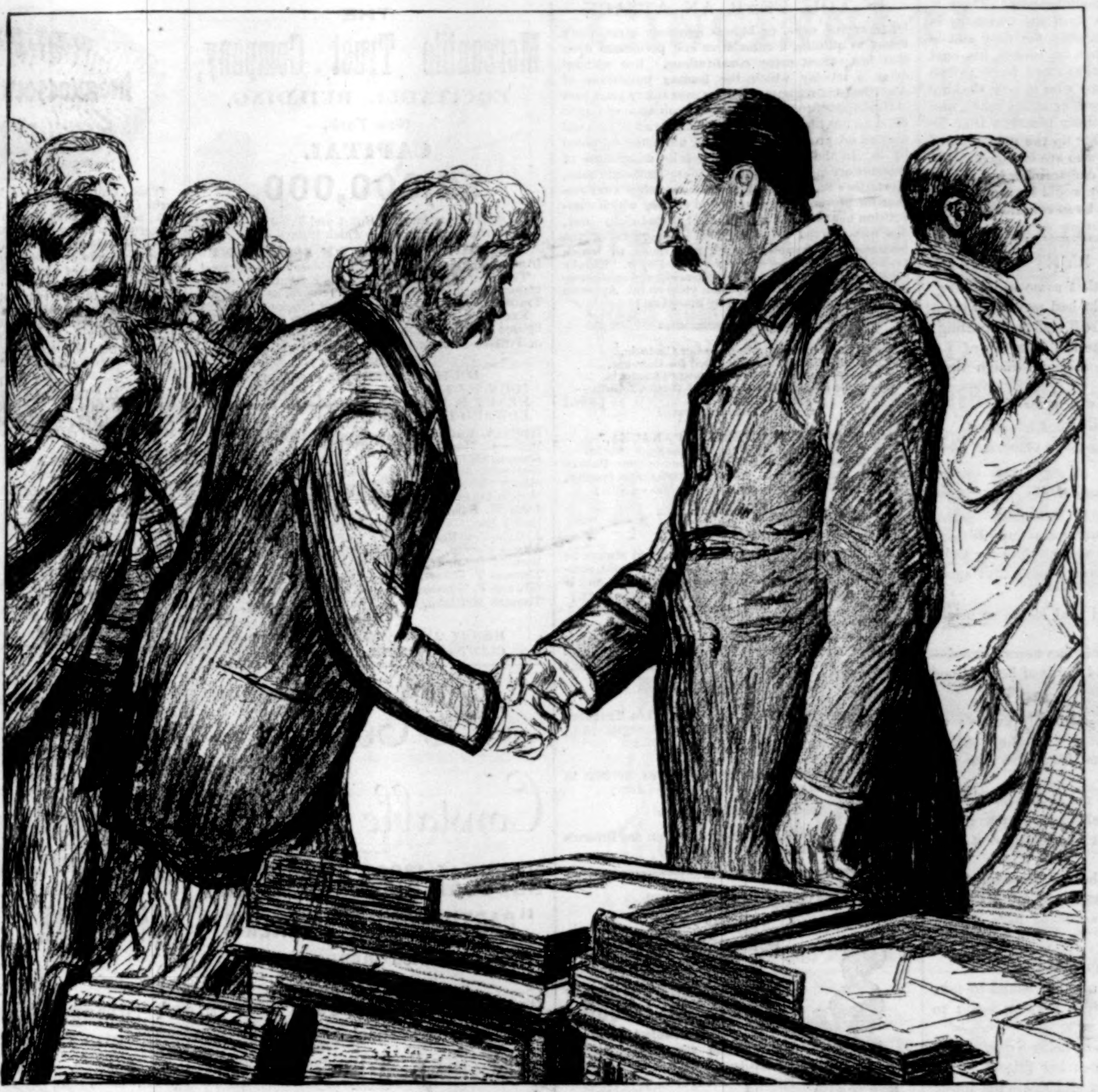
TRANSCRIBING FROM THE PHONOGRAPH.

EDISON'S PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH.—From Photographs.—[See Page 415.]

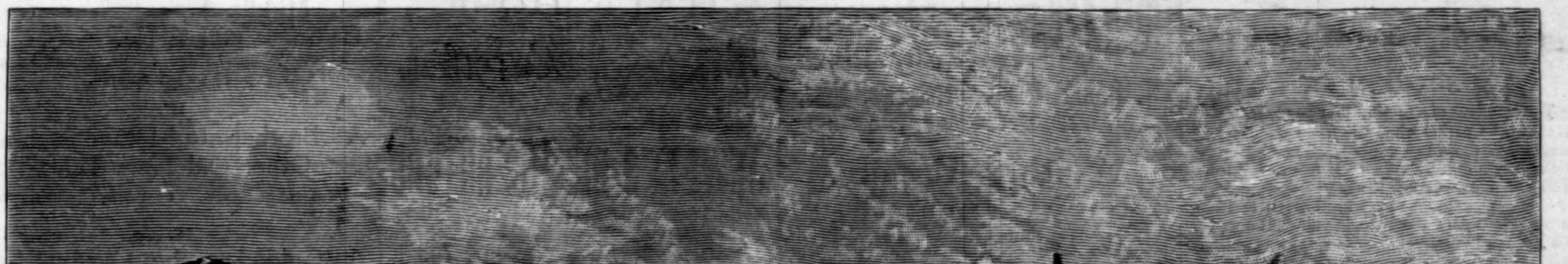
CONGRATULATING A MEMBER.

No one who has not seen a congratulatory hand-shaking in Congress, after a member has made an acceptable speech, can imagine the oppressive gravity of the occasion. It is not always that the reason for congratulations can be divined, but as a rule the judgment of Congress is discriminating. When a leader speaks, or when a new man shows that he has abilities of usefulness and prominence, there is a generous and just recognition of his talents.

This matter of shaking hands is very much as M. **Rénouard** has represented it, a solemn act of duty, performed very much after the manner and in the spirit in which friends of the departed go up to view the remains. The member who is seriously receiving the compliments of his fellow-members looks like Mr. **Bynum**, and he has probably just concluded his speech on the tariff bill. He does not show any extraordinary joy, probably because the men whose hands he is shaking do not betray any enthusiasm. And yet, notwithstanding the few misplaced congratulations, this sedate gentleman is not participating in an ordinary performance. It is an event of which he may well be proud, for when serious men are stirred to make ever so slight a demonstration, the effort that moves them must be something more than ordinary. Generally congratulations are made by the members of the speaker's own party. Occasionally a few members from the other side join in the recognition of an exceptionally good speech. Then is the orator honored indeed. There is very seldom a hearty outburst, however, although there are speeches which arouse the House to a very great pitch of enthusiasm. Mr. **Breckinridge**'s speech on the **Mills** bill was one of these. When he concluded there was really what the reporters call a wild scene on the floor and in the galleries; handkerchiefs were waved by the ladies, and the men cheered as if they were not the grave statesmen who limit the expression of their gratification and pleasure to a cold and formal hand-shake. The reflective performance is admirably illustrated in M. **Rénouard's** picture. The speaker has not inspired a rush of emotions. The members are not pushing and crowding to get at him in order that he may know how much they value his oratory. They have formed a line, and are proceeding in an orderly manner to give decent and seemly expression to their profound conviction that he has said something that is better than the average. They are awkward about it, not because they do not want to tell their friend that they rejoice in his success, but because they do not know exactly how



CONGRATULATING A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON A SUCCESSFUL SPEECH.—Drawn by Paul Rénouard.



OUR NEW NAVY—PRACTISING A BOAT'S CREW WITH REPEATING RIFLES—CLEARING A BEACH FOR LANDING.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 411.]

to do it gracefully and spontaneously. There is a weight on their minds until the ceremony is over. The man who has done his duty and is through is so relieved that he throws his coat back, and evidently breathes more freely. The man who is behind the one who is now shaking hands with the orator is pulling at his beard, and trying to think of something pleasant that he may say by way of breaking up the monotony of hand-shaking. The two who are engaged in the manual performance are constrained, but not at all unhappy, although they would be a good deal happier if each would not be so conscious of himself.

"GOOD BYE!"

It came again to-night, that same sad feeling
That long ago I thought had passed away;
That one old wound that still resists all healing;
That pain not even time can quite allay.
The mists close in, but faintly through them stealing
I catch an echo which will never die;
For, ah! the memories of the past unsealing,
Come those two tearful words of hers, "Good bye!"

A touch of hands, few, hasty words, in parting—
I see and hear it all again to-night;
A host of recollections now upstarting
Bring the whole scene again before my sight.
"Good bye!" The low sweet voice that spoke it faltered;
The eyes were dimmed that shone so bright and shy.
The memory of those words has never altered—
Those two sad whispered words of hers, "Good bye!"

What might have been! God only knows; we never
Can draw the curtains from the dim unknown;
And yet, and yet, before me rises ever—
But fainter since the shadows deeper grown
Have fallen on my heart and brought it sadness—
A vision of her face, the one strong tie
That carries with it somewhat of the gladness
I knew before those words of hers, "Good bye!"

The music in my soul can never brighten;
The minor chords are all that sound to-day;
And mournful strains, which nothing seems to lighten,
My life, my soul, my very being sway.
The harmony is incomplete: her fingers
Could touch the chords and swell the music high;
Now, in the notes a painful discord lingers,
For the sweetest string was broken by those words, "Good bye!"

J. Winthrop Loveland.

NOT GUILTY.

The emotions of a lifetime may be concentrated in that brief period when the foreman of a jury pronounces those two words, "Not guilty," or the dread single one, "Guilty." It is an experience which, thank God! few have to go through with. If it be the innocent man who through accident is brought before the tribunal, how intense are his agonies! Dramatic writers have seized all the incidents; and the scene of a trial, as Sir Walter Scott has written it, stands among the most brilliant of all the pages of fiction. In an American court, though there is less of that borrowed dignity which peculiar raiment may give to judges and court dignitaries, the grave character of the dispenser of justice is not lessened. There are times in a court when the dropping of a pin becomes audible. The grating of a chair on the floor, the suppressed cough, the very twitter of the birds outside, the rumble of the life in the streets, seem singularly out of place. It is the part of lawyers to be apparently emotionless. Like skilful surgeons, they are all the better because they hold aloof from those inner workings which their clients manifest. They may have immense pity, they may dread that final moment, for they are men themselves, not talking machines, after all, and they, too, as often as not, are really as happy as the client whose life or whose character they have saved. The superb courage of a man's wife under the most trying of all circumstances can never be sufficiently extolled. It is just a case of this kind Mr. Thulstrup has drawn. A wife never believes in a husband's guilt. If the verdict had been "guilty," she would have offered herself, had it been possible, to suffer death in his stead. Oh, the patience she has shown! How with infinite skill she has gone all over the case, absolutely throwing light on it, and giving even the most cunning and skilful of lawyers clews, hints, ingenious suggestions, they never had imagined! At last the supreme moment has come. It might have been in some fiduciary trust that her young husband it was supposed had failed. Then his honor—hers—would have been forever besmirched. Then the innocent child she had borne her husband would have had the heritage of disgrace. But he is not guilty. The foreman of the jury has said so. Indifferent to the court, the judges, the officials, the young wife rises, and, wild with joy, cries too, "Not guilty!" She is strong just now in her exultation. But the strain has been a heavy one; it will leave a lasting impression on her; and through her life she will never forget that moment when she was the first to cry to her husband, "Not guilty!"

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Of fever and ague, or bilious remittent fever, don't resort to quinine, a cumulative and pernicious drug that has ruined many constitutions. Use without delay a remedy which the leading physicians of America have recommended for over thirty years past—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dumb ague and ague cake, no less than the actively febrile forms of malarial disease, are promptly relieved and ultimately uprooted by it. In the tropics, where febrile complaints of this sort are more virulent than in the temperate zone, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has established a reputation for preventive and remedial efficacy which competition has not been able to affect prejudicially—nay, has even served to strengthen. Disorders of the stomach and bowels, particularly those to which malaria gives rise, are speedily relieved by it. Kidney complaints, rheumatism, nervousness, and sleeplessness, headache, and constipation yield to it. Appetite and sleep are both improved by it.—[*Adv.*]

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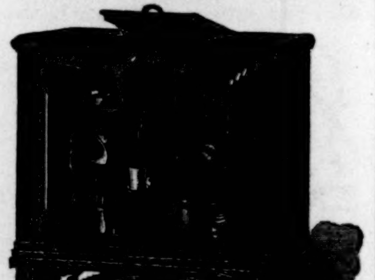

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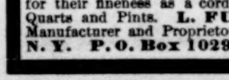

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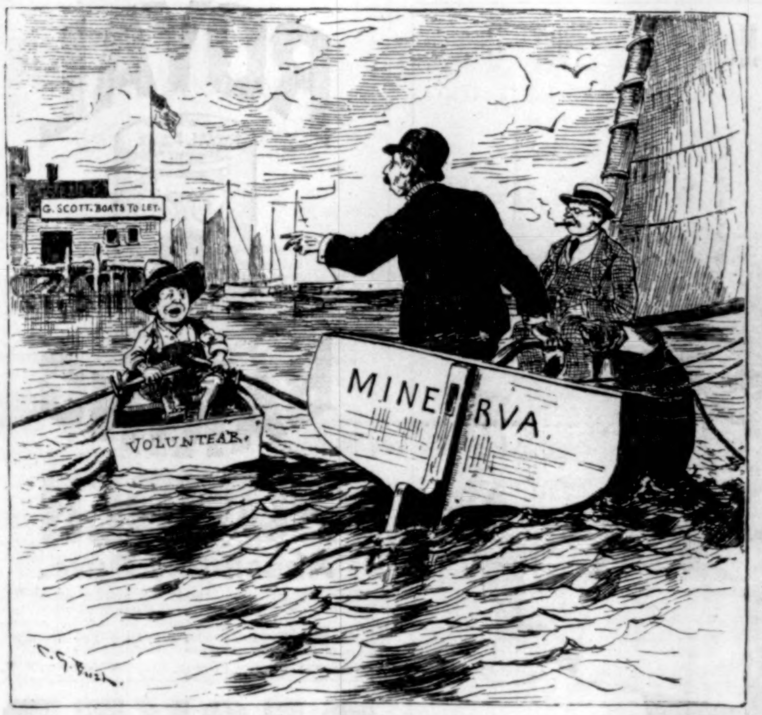
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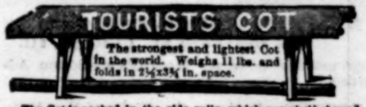

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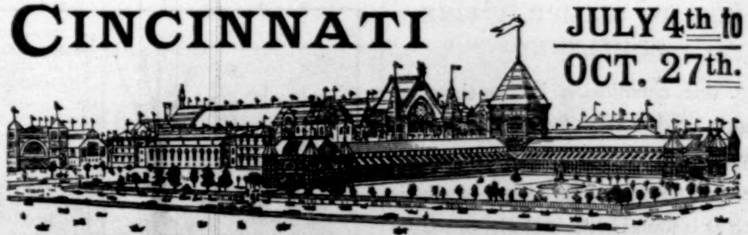

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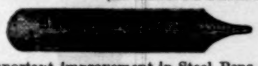

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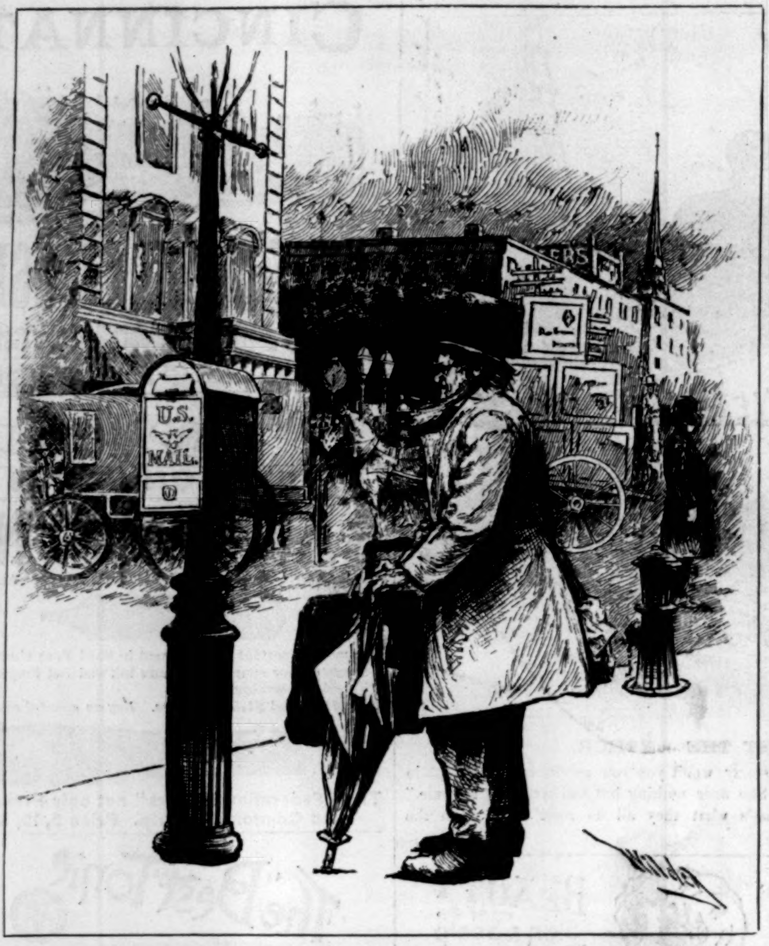

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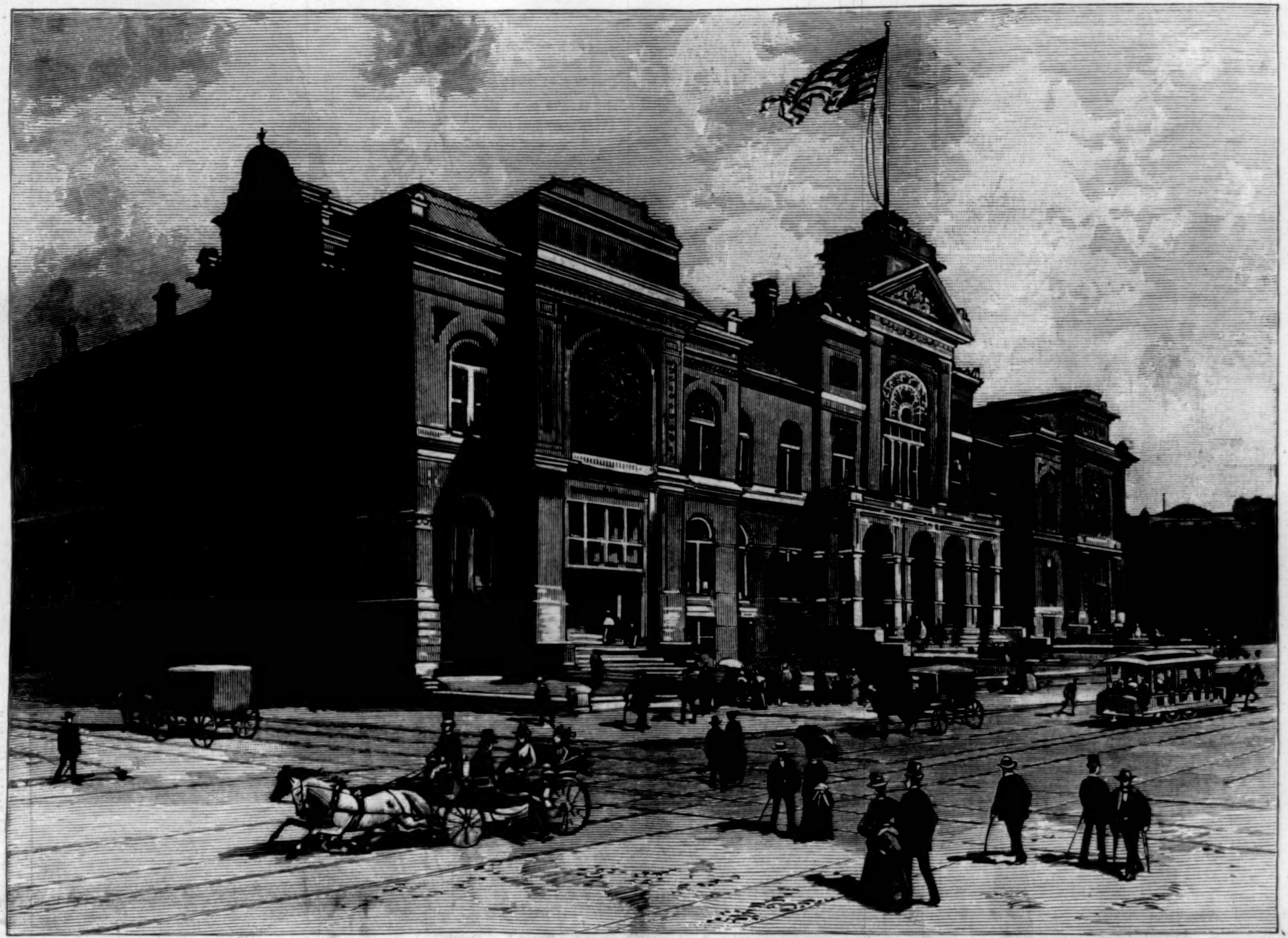


THE EXPOSITION BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, WHICH CONTAINS THE HALL FOR THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

ST. LOUIS OF TO-DAY.

ST. LOUIS is fast losing its identity as a semi-Southern city. It is taking on the manners and customs and vigor and breeziness that characterize the wide-awake Western towns. New life has been infused into it within the past five or six years. The St. Louis of to-day has the elements of a great city, with prospects of a near future that will make it what its natural resources and its geographical advantages should have done long ago—the great metropolis of the Southwest. On every hand is seen the steady march of improvement in architecture, in streets, in parks, and in modes of transportation. In the business part of the city the two and three story buildings that so long lined its thoroughfares are passing away, and in their places are springing up magnificent structures of stone and iron, towering skyward, with all the advantages of the modern metropolitan style of architecture. Solid blocks of granite ring beneath the iron-shod hoof of the commercial steed, and no more do clouds of limestone dust arise to blind the pedestrian.

St. Louis has long been a city of wealth, but until recently the casual observer would never have suspected it was the abode of scores of millionaires. The residence portion of the city lying west of Grand Avenue now presents as many elegant and luxurious homes as can be found in any city in the country. Real estate in St. Louis has not of late years been affected by the "boomers," like the adjacent cities, but has always maintained a steady and substantial value that has proven a safe and judicious field for investors, and to-day the realty sales show a steady increase in values that comes as the natural result of supply and demand, and not from the manipulations of the speculators. The business men of the city are as enterprising as can be found anywhere, and their constant endeavors to bring St. Louis to the notice of the world are making them famous.

The population of St. Louis is growing very rapidly, and it is confidently expected that the next census will show over 500,000. It is now the fifth city in population, and ranks fourth commercially. Its material improvements in the past have been made almost entirely with home capital, but recently Eastern money has been seeking and finding investment largely in the city. It is noted for its many public and private institutions peculiar to itself. The manufacturing interests are great and varied, and these interests in many lines are the largest in the land. The city abounds in beautiful parks, having the greatest park area of any city in the country. The mortality record shows a rate much less than that of other great cities, the location, on three ridges, rising from the Mississippi River, allowing it a most admirable system of sewerage. It is a city of homes, and the unhealthy tenement-houses are few and far between. While the St. Louis summers are often very hot, the deaths from sunstroke are exceedingly rare. Politically the city is about equally divided, hence the municipal body is seldom controlled by either party for more than one term of office at a stretch. The present city officials are mostly Democratic, D. R. Francis being the Mayor, and both branches of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Municipal Assembly being politically in harmony with the city's Chief Executive.

St. Louis, until within the past few weeks, has been what is termed in the West a wide-open city. Its theatres, ball parks, saloons, and many other places of business have been opened for amusement and profit on Sundays; but the recent decision of the State Supreme Court in declaring the Dawing law constitutional and operative compels the saloon men to close on Sundays, as well as the large beer gardens in the southern part of the city, which is largely populated by Germans. The law was held in abeyance for nearly a year, owing to the decision of E. A. Noonan, Judge of the Court of Criminal Correction, who discharged all violators of the Dawing Sunday law who came before him, and in a lengthy review of it pointed out its unconstitutionality. As there was no appeal from the Noonan decision, the temperance advocates were compelled to take a roundabout way to get the law considered by the Supreme Court. By their attorney they brought mandamus proceedings against the Mayor, as President of the Police Board, to compel him to enforce the law. Judge Valliant, of the Circuit Court, sustained the mandamus proceedings, and the Mayor appealed to the Supreme Court, with the result above stated. Thus does St. Louis find itself, after a period of many years of unrestrained freedom, a beerless city on Sunday.

As the city covers such a vast area of ground within its corporate limits, suburban towns are not numerous round about it, although Ferguson, Kirkwood, and Florrissant are sought to some extent for summer homes by residents of the city, and efforts are being made in the direction of establishing other towns by owners of property within or just beyond the city limits.

St. Louis being geographically a central city, and having a well-earned reputation for hospitality, is now recognized as the favorite place for conventions and large gatherings of a national character. Since the Democratic Convention of 1876 there have been many large bodies of people from all parts of the country assembled together in the city. Within the past year it has entertained the National Conclave of Knights Templars and the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. This week it shelters the National Democratic Convention, and next week it will give the freedom of the city to the National German Saengerfest.

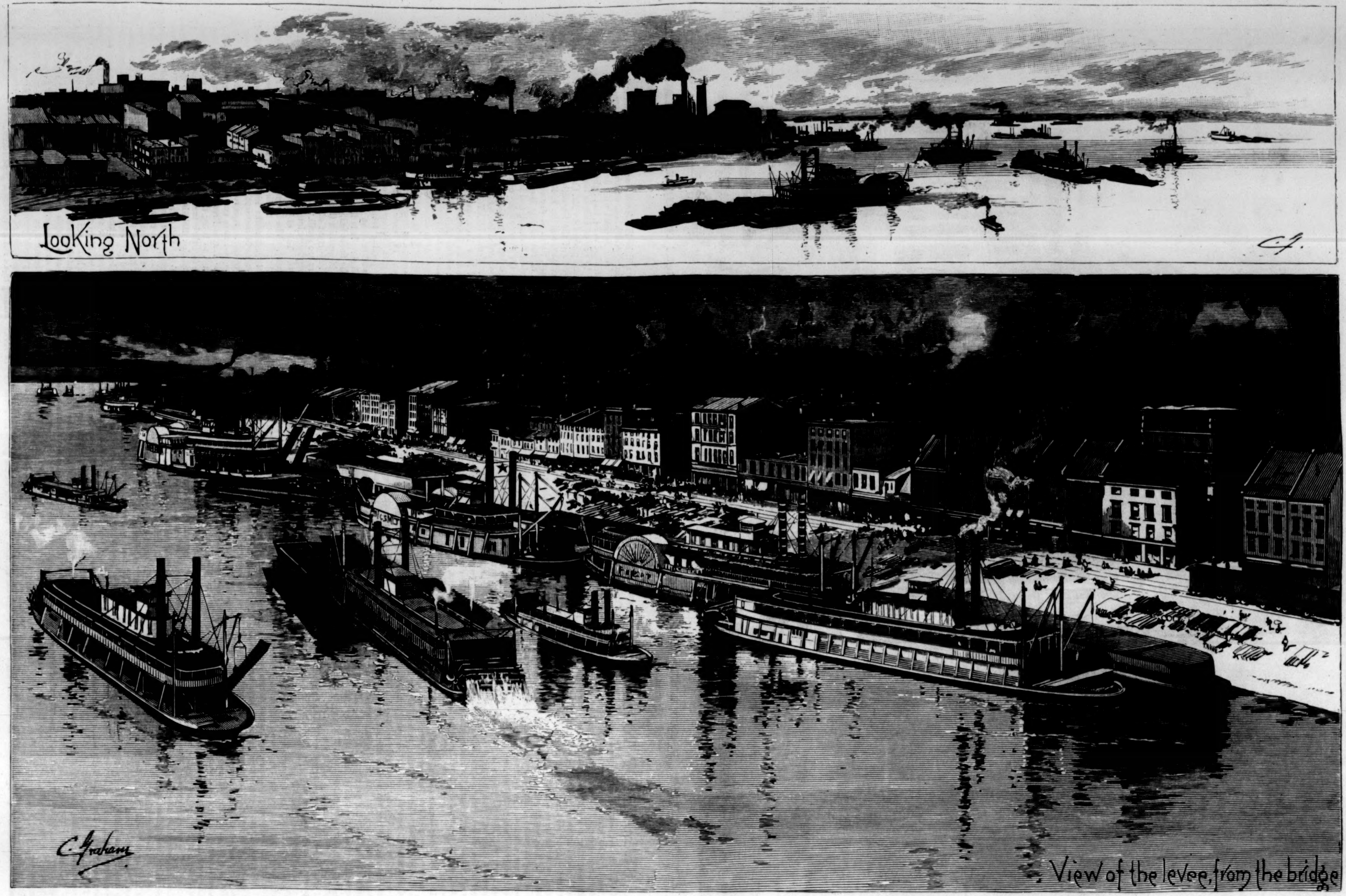
The era of rapid transit is now fairly inaugurated in St. Louis. Three cable street railroads are being operated successfully, and bills have within the past year been passed by the Municipal Assembly granting the privilege to nearly every horse-car line in the city to change its motive power. Electricity, with the storage battery, has been tried on some of the roads, but has not yet been adopted. Although franchises have been repeatedly sought for elevated roads, both electric and steam (one is now pending before the Municipal Assembly), they have been fought so persistently by property owners and surface railroad companies that none has yet reached the Mayor's office for his consideration. It is claimed by owners of property in the central part of the city that elevated railroads would injure them greatly, as they would carry people to the suburbs so rapidly that they would not care to live in the heart of the city.

St. Louis is promised many improvements in the near future. A new City Hall is now in contemplation, while the old Union Depot is to give place to the finest structure for such purpose in the country. Jay Gould has promised that the depot will be started just as soon as an eligible site can be secured. Another gigantic scheme that is now on foot, with every prospect of being pushed rapidly forward, is the erection on the Fair Grounds of a permanent exposition building, with a vast auditorium having a seating capacity of 40,000 people. It is proposed to construct the building entirely of glass, iron, and brick, and it will consequently be entirely fire-proof—a point of great importance to exhibitors. It will be 630 feet long by 424 feet wide, and the height from the centre of the floor to the roof of the great nave will be 112 feet. This nave will be 120 feet wide; its length from the main entrance to the "drop" which will separate it from the concert hall will be 395 feet. When filled with flowers, shrubs, trees, and fountains, as it is intended to be, and lighted at night by electricity, the spectacle will be one of unique beauty and impressiveness. The project is being pushed by Mr. Charles Green, President of the Fair Association, and the Executive Committee, Messrs. W. R. Allen, James Scullen, and M. T. Runsey. The extension of the city's water plant, which at present is deemed inadequate to meet the demands of the rapidly increasing population and industries, is being pushed forward, and it is confidently expected that within two years the water supply of St. Louis will be equal to the needs of a population of one million.

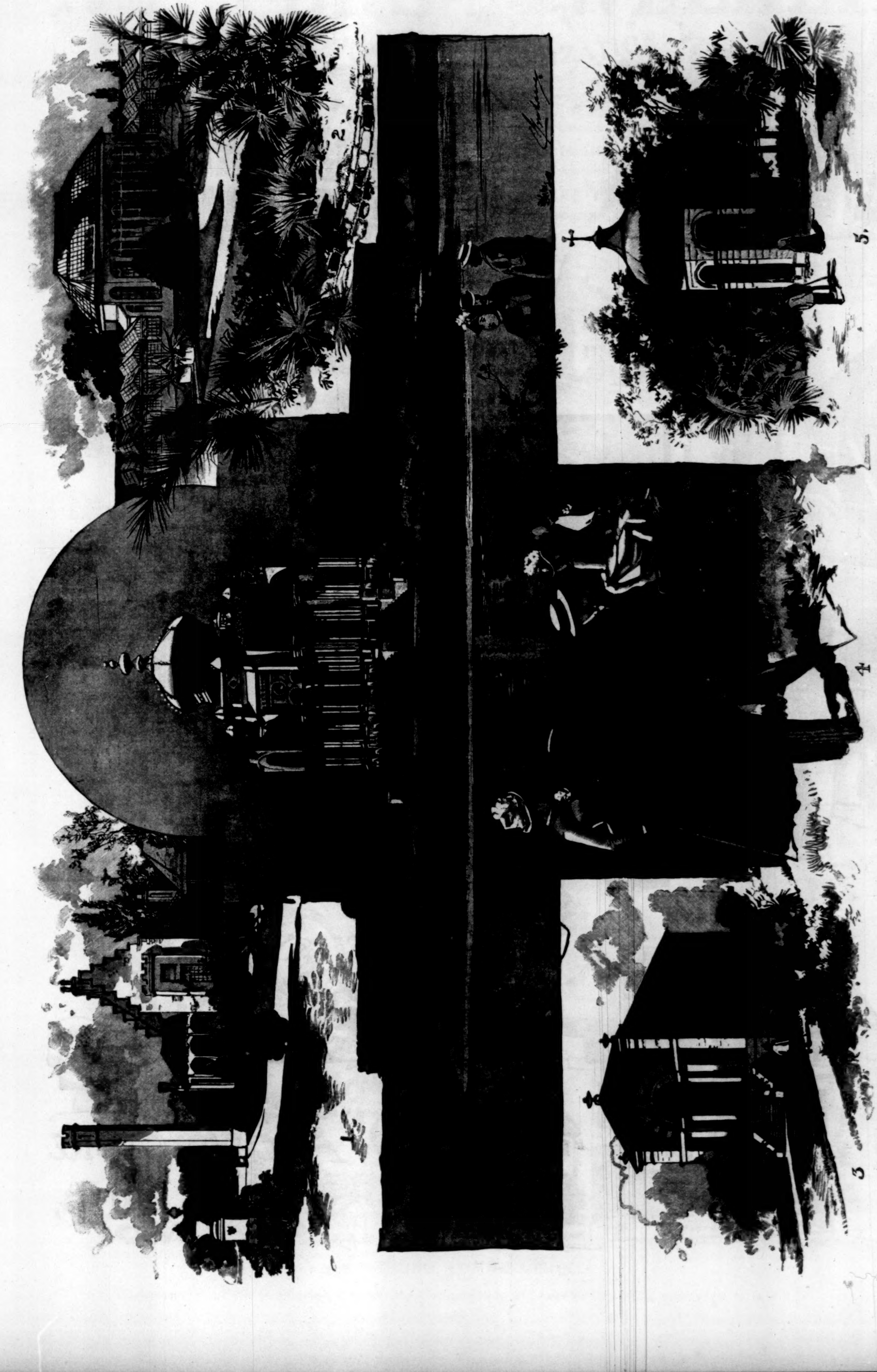
The commercial interests of St. Louis are represented by its Chamber of Commerce. This institution ranks with the Produce Exchange of New York, and the Board of Trade, Chicago, as being one of the three grandest trade places in the country. The building is six stories high, with 223 feet frontage by a depth of 187 feet, and cost to build $1,500,000. The Merchants' Exchange hall has no superior in dimensions or ornamentation. It is 222 feet long, 65 feet wide, and 60 feet high. Once a year this busy mart becomes a scene of magnificence; it is the grand ball of the Veiled Prophet. St. Louis is the largest interior cotton market, and one of the greatest markets of the world. The business is largely that of exporting from this to foreign ports. The Exchange building is situated on Main and Walnut streets, covering a quarter of a block. It is five stories high, cost $150,000, and is pronounced the finest building devoted to the cotton trade in the country. The Mercantile Club of St. Louis is considered to be one of the most important of the city, and its influence is great though its numbers are small. It is composed mostly of millionaires and those having large interests in real estate, banking, or mercantile investments. The object of the club is the furtherance of the city's interests. The Commercial Club is one of an association of similar clubs existing in the four or five largest cities. While the Commercial Club ranks high, the Mercantile, which is composed entirely of men in mercantile pursuits, is the most active in numbers and projects. It is really remarkable the number of successful schemes that have emanated from this club's rooms. The Exposition, the Trades Procession, and most of the enterprises that are calculated to bring the city to high commercial standing and prominence had their inception with the Mercantile Club.

The Exposition Building in St. Louis was erected in the space of one year, at a cost of $750,000, and so successful have its annual exhibitions proven that it is now paying large dividends on the capital stock. The carnival season begins with the opening of the Exposition, and usually continues about seven weeks. The illumination of miles of streets by over a hundred thousand gas-lights, with colored globes, arranged in arches is a sight to remember. Shaw's Gardens are known throughout the land. They are the most attractive spot in or around the city; they contain fifty acres, and have been willed to the city by Mr. Henry Shaw, their present owner, who has spent thirty years in bringing this little paradise to its present degree of beauty and perfection.

Looking at St. Louis from all sides, it is a city of magnificent proportions and wonderful resources, and has many pleasant surprises for the stranger. In the past it was sometimes called slow, but at the present period of its history it has the life, the bustle, the progressiveness of the other great cities of the country, and is making rapid strides toward a great future.


Looking North
C. G.
View of the levee, from the bridge
C. Graham

ST. LOUIS, FROM THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—Drawn by Charles Graham.



SKETCHES IN THE PARKS OF ST. LOUIS.

1. Gate of Tower Grove Park. 2. Parterre and Plant House, Shaw's Gardens. 3. The Museum, Shaw's Gardens. 4. The Pavilion in Forest Park. 5. The Mausoleum, Shaw's Gardens.